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THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

Translated by
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

V O L. VI.

*Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecisque, puer* —————

HOR.

L O N D O N:
Printed for HENRY LINTOT.
M.DCC.LVI.





THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.





The A R G U M E N T.

The Death of Hector.

THE Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her intreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies; Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deiphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: She mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the bastiments of Troy.



Achilles, being Sav'd from the Waters of Xanthus, & having Slain the
unfortunate Hector inhumanly ties him to his Chariot & drags him
in that manner in View of the Trojans.



III-A



THE
* TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.

THUS to their bulwarks, smit with panick fear,
The herded *Ilians* rush like driven deer ;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.

* It is impossible but the whole attention of the reader must be awakened in this book : The heroes of the two armies are now to encounter ; all the foregoing battels have been but so many preludes and under-actions, in order to this great event, wherein the whole fate of *Greece* and *Troy* is to be decided by the sword of *Achilles* and *Hector*.

This is the book, which of the whole *Iliad* appears to me the most charming. It assembles in it all that can be imagined of great and important on the one hand, and of tender and melancholy on the other : *Terror* and *Pity* are here wrought up in perfection ; and if the reader is not sensible of both in a high degree, either he is utterly void of all taste, or the translator of all skill, in poetry.

6 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

Close to the walls advancing o'er the fields, 5

Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,

March, bending on, the Greeks embodi'd pow'rs,

Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan tow'rs.

Great *Hector* singly stay'd; chain'd down by fate,

There fix'd he stood before the *Scaean* gate; 10

Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,

The Guardian still of long-defended *Troy*.

Apollo now to tir'd *Achilles* turns;

(The pow'r confess in all his glory burns)

And what (he cries) has *Peleus'* son in view,

With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?

For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,

Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.

What boots thee now, that *Troy* forsook the plain?

Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:

Safe in their walls are now her troops besew'd;

While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.

The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!

To check my conquests in the middle way:

How few in *Ilion* else had refuge found;

What gasping numbers now had bit the ground?

Thou robb'd me of a glory justly mine,

Fow'rful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:

Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,

To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.

30

Then

BOOK XXII. HOMER's ILIAD. 7

Thea to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.

Him, as he blazing shot across the field, 35
The careful eyes of *Priam* first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night
Orion's dog (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays; 40
Terrifick glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air, with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head now white with age:
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies; 45
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries;

V. 37. *Not half so dreadful rises, &c.*] With how much dreadful pomp is *Achilles* here introduced! How noble, and in what bold colours hath he drawn the blazing of his arms, the rapidity of his advance, the terror of his appearance, the desolation round him; but above all, the certain death attending all his motions and his very looks; what a crowd of terrible ideas in this one simile!

But immediately after this, follows the moving image of the two aged parents, trembling, weeping, and imploring their son: That is succeeded again by the dreadful gloomy picture of *Hector*, all on fire, obstinately bent on death, and expecting *Achilles*; admirably painted in the simile of the snake rolled up in his den, and collecting his poisons: And indeed, through the whole book, this wonderful contrast, and opposition of the Moving and of the Terrible, is perpetually kept up, each heightening the other: I can't find words to express how so great beauties affect me.

8. HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

The son, resolv'd *Achilles'* force to dare,
Full at the *Scæan* gates expects the war:
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

50

Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.

Implacable *Achilles!* might'ſt thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curst arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, fold in distant illes
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.

55

60

V. 51. *The speech of Priam to Hector.*] The Poet has entertained us all along with various scenes of slaughter and horror: He now changes to the pathetick, and fills the mind of the reader with tender sorrows. *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* preludes to his words by actions expressive of misery: The unhappy orator introduces his speech to *Hector* with groans and tears, and rending his hoary hair. The Father and the King plead with *Hector* to preserve his life and his country. He representes his own age, and the loss of many of his children; and adds, that if *Hector* falls, he should then be inconsolable, and the empire of *Troy* at an end.

It is a piece of great judgment in *Homer*, to make the fall of *Troy* to depend upon the death of *Hector*: The Poet does not openly tell us, that *Troy* was taken by the *Greeks*; but that the reader might not be unacquainted with what happened after the period of his poem, he gives us to understand in this speech, that the city was taken, and that *Priam*, his wives, his sons, and daughters, were either killed or made slaves.

Two,

Book XXII. HOMER's *ILIADE*.

9

Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
 Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore,
 And lov'd *Lycaon*; now perhaps no more!
 Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
 What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give?
 (Their grandfire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
 Consign'd his daughter with *Lelegia*'s throne):
 But if (which heav'n forbid) already lost,
 All pale they wander on the *Stygian* coast;
 What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
 What anguish I? unutterable woe!
 Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
 Less to all *Troy*, if not depriv'd of thee.
 Yet shun *Achilles*! enter yet the wall;
 And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
 Save thy dear life; or if a soul so brave
 Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
 Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
 While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
 Yet curst with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
 (All trembling on the verge of helpless age)

65 }

70

75

80

V. 76. Enter yet the wall, And spare, &c.] The argument that Priam uses (says *Eustathius*) to induce *Hector* to secure himself in *Troy* is remarkable: He draws it not from *Hector*'s fears, nor does he tell him that he is to save his own life: but he infests upon stronger motives: He tells him he may preserve his fellow-citizens, his country, and his father; and farther persuades him not to add glory to his mortal enemy by his fall.

10 HOMER's ILIAD Book XXII.

Great Fove has plac'd, sad spectacle of pain !

83

The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain :

To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries !

My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,

90

My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor ;

These I have yet to fed, perhaps yet more !

Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate

The last sad relick of my ruin'd state,

(Dire pomp of sov'reign wretchedness !) must fall,

And stain the pavement of my regal hall ;

95

Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,

Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.

Yet for my sons I thank ye Gods ! 'twas well ;

Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.

Who dies in youth, and vigour, dies the best,

100

Struck thro' with wounds all honest on the breast.

But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,

Spurn the boar head of unrelenting age,

110

V. 90. *My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor.*] Cruelties which the Barbarians usually exercised in the sacking of towns. Thus *Isaiah* foretells to *Babylon* that her children shall be dashed in pieces before her eyes by the Medes. *Infantes eorum allidentur in oculis eorum*, xii. 16. And *David* says to the same city, *happy shall be he that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones*. *Psal. cxxxvii. 9.* And in the prophet *Hosea*, xiii. 16. *Their infants shall be dashed in pieces*. *Daciér.*

V. 102. *But when the Fates, &c.]* Nothing can be more moving than the image which Homer gives here, in comparing the different effects

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 11

In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm! 105

This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel; man, fated to be curs'd!

' He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.

With him the mournful mother bears a part; 110
Yet all their sorrows turn not *Hector's* heart:

• The zone unbraided, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the fast tears, she said.

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r! 115

If

affects produced by the view of a young man, and that of an old one, both bleeding, and extended on the dust. The old man, 'tis certain touches us most, and several reasons may be given for it; the principal is, that the young man defended himself, and his death is glorious; whereas an old man has no defence but his weakness, prayers and tears. They must be very insensible of what is dreadful, and have no taste in poetry, who omit this passage in a translation, and substitute things of a trivial and infigid nature. *Dacier*.

V. 114. *The speech of Hecuba.*] The speech of *Hecuba* opens with as much tenderness as that of *Priam*: The circumstance in particular of her shewing that breast to her son which had sustained his infancy, is highly moving: It is a silent kind of oratory, and prepares the heart to listen, by prepossessing the eye in favour of the speaker.

Eustathius takes notice of the difference between the speeches of *Priam* and *Hecuba*: *Priam* dissuades him from the combat, by enumerating not only the loss of his own family, but of his whole country: *Hecuba* dwells entirely upon his single death; this is a great beauty in the poet, to make *Priam* a father to his whole country; set to describe the fondness of the mother as prevailing over all other considerations, and to mention that only which chiefly affects her.

This puts me in mind of a judicious stroke in *Milton*, with regard to the several characters of *Adam* and *Eve*. When the Angel is driving

12 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
 Or still'd thy infant clamorrs at this breast;
 Ah do not thus our helpless years forego,
 But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.
 Against his rage if singly thou proceed, 120
 Should'st thou (but heav'n avert it !) should'st thou bleed,
 Nor must thy corps lie honour'd on the bier,
 Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
 Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
 Must feast the vultures on the naked plains. 125

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
 But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul:
 Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
 Expects the hero's terrible advance.
 So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake 130
 Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
 When fed with noxious herbs his turgid veins
 Have gathered half the poisons of the plains;
 He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
 And his red eye-balls glare with living fire. 135
 Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
 He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind.

driving them both out of paradise, *Adam* grieves that he must leave a place where he had conversed with God and his angels; but *Eve* laments that she shall never more behold the flowers of *Eden*. Here *Adam* mourns like a man, and *Eve* like a woman.

Where

Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
 Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
 Shall proud *Polydamas* before the gate
 Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,

140

V. 138. *The Soliloquy of Hector.*] There is much greatness in the sentiments of this whole Soliloquy. *Hector* prefers death to an ignominious life: He knows how to die with glory, but not how to live with dishonour. The reproach of *Polydamas* affects him; the scandals of the meanest people have an influence on his thoughts.

'Tis remarkable that he does not say, he fears the insults of the braver *Trojans*, but of the most worthless only. Men of merit are always the most candid; but others are ever for bringing all men to a level with themselves. They cannot bear that any one should be so bold as to excel, and are ready to pull him down to them, upon the least miscarriage. This sentiment is perfectly fine, and agreeable to the way of thinking, natural to a great and sensible mind.

There is a very beautiful break in the middle of this speech. *Hector's* mind fluctuates every way, he is calling a council in his own breast, and consulting what method to pursue. He doubts if he should not propose terms of peace to *Achilles*, and grants him very large concessions; but of a sudden he checks himself, and leaves the sentence unfinished. The paragraph runs thus; "If, says *Hector*, I should offer him the largest conditions, give all that *Troy* contains" — There he stops, and immediately subjoins, "But why do I delude myself, &c."

'Tis evident from this speech, that the power of making peace was in *Hector's* hands: For unless *Priam* had transferred it to him, he could not have made these propositions. So that it was *Hector* who broke the treaty in the third book (where the very same conditions were proposed by *Agamemnon*.) 'Tis *Hector* therefore that is guilty, he is blameable in continuing the war, and involving the *Greeks* and *Trojans* in blood. This conduct in *Homer* was necessary; he observes a poetical justice, and shews that *Hector* is a criminal, before he brings him to death. *Eustathius*.

V. 140. *Shall proud Polydamas, &c.*] *Hector* alludes to the counsel given him by *Polydamas* in the eighteenth book, which he then neglected to follow: It was to withdraw to the city, and fortify themselves there, before *Achilles* returned to the battel.

Which

14 HOMER's *ILIADE* Book XXII.

Which timely follow'd but the former night,
 What numbers had been sav'd by *Hector's* flight?
 That wise advice rejected with disdain,
 I feel my folly in my people strain.

145

Methinks my suffering country's voice I hear,
 But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
 On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
 And blame those virtues which they cannot share.

No———if I e'er return, return I must

150

Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust;
 Or if I perish, let her see me fall
 In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
 And yet suppose these measures I forego,
 Approach unarm'd, and parly with the foe,
 The warrior-shield, the helm! and lance lay down,
 And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
 The wife with-held the treasure ill-detain'd,
 (Cause of the war, and grievance of the land)
 With honourable justice to restore;

155

And add half *Troy's* yet remaining store,
 Which *Troy* shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd *Greece*
 May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
 But why this thought? Unarm'd if I should go,
 What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
 But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?

160

165

}

We

We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain ;
No season now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk;

17

V. 167. We greet not here, as man convarying man,
Met as an oak, or journeying o'er a plain, &c.]

The words literally are these, “*There is no talking with Achilles, as with δρῦς; οὐδὲ ἀπὸ ξύρφες,* from an oak, or from a rock, [or about an oak or a rock] as a young man and a maiden talk together. It is thought an obscure passage, though I confess I am either too fond of my own explication in the above cited verses, or they make it a very easy one. “There is no conversing with this implacable enemy in the rage of battel; as when fauntring people talk at leisure to one another on the road, or when young men and women meet in a field.” I think the exposition of *Eustathius* more far-fetched, though it be ingenious; and therefore I must do him the justice not to suppress it. It was a common practise, says he, with the heathens, to expose such children as they either could not, or would not educate: The places where they deposited them, were usually in the cavities of rocks, or the hollow of oaks: These children being frequently found and preserv’d by strangers, were said to be the offspring of those oaks or rocks where they were found. This gave occasion to the poets to feign that men were born of oaks, and there was a famous fable too of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*’s repairing mankind by casting stones behind them: It grew at last into a proverb, to signify idle tales; so that in the present passage it imports, that Achilles will not listen to such idle tales as may pass with silly maids and fond lovers. For fables and stories (and particularly such stories as the preservation, strange fortune, and adventures of exposed children) are the usual conversation of young men and maidens. *Eustathius*’s explanation may be corroborated by a parallel place in the *Odyssey*; where the poet says,

Οι γιατροί είπαν πως θέλουν να λειτουργήσουν μόνο στην πόλη.

The meaning of which passage is plainly this. Tell me of what race you are, for undoubtedly you had a father and mother; you are not according to the old story, descended from an oak or a rock. Where the word *wælfæder* shows that this was become an ancient proverb among the *Huns* a days.

Wai

16 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

War is our busines, but to whom is giv'n
To die, or triumph, that, determine heav'n!

Thus pond'ring, like a God the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;

The Pelian jav'lin in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.

As *Hector* sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies. 180

175

He

V. 180. *Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.*] I doubt not most readers are shocked at the flight of *Hector*: It is indeed a high exaltation of *Achilles* (which was the poet's chief hero) that so brave a man as *Hector* durst not stand him. While *Achilles* was at a distance he had fortified his heart with noble resolutions, but at his approach they all vanish, and he flies. This (as exceptionable as some may think it) may yet be allowed to be a true portrait of human nature; for distance, as it lessens all objects, so it does our fears: But where inevitable danger approaches, the stoutest hearts will feel some apprehensions at certain fate. It was the saying of one of the bravest men in this age, to one who told him he feared nothing, *Shew me but a certain danger, and I shall be as much afraid as any of you.* I don't absolutely pretend to justify this passage in every point, but only to have thus much granted me, that *Hector* was in this desperate circumstance.

First, It will not be found in the whole *Iliad*, that *Hector* ever thought himself a match for *Achilles*, Homer (to keep this in our minds) had just now made *Priam* tell him, as a thing knowna (for certainly *Priam* would not insult him at that time) that there was no comparison between his own strength, and that of his antagonist:

—————ιετον τολν φερεσθε; εισι.

Secondly, We may observe with *Dacier*, the degrees by which *Hector* prepares this incident. In the 18th book the mere sight and voice of *Achilles* unarmed, has terrified and put the whole Trojan army

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 17

He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Thus

army into disorder. In the 19th the very sound of the celestial arms given him by *Vulcan*, has affrighted his own *Myrmidons* as they stand about him. In the 20th, he has been upon the point of killing *Aeneas*, and *Hector* himself was not saved from him but by *Apollo's* interposing. In that and the following book, he makes an incredible slaughter of all that oppose him, he overtakes most of those that fly from him, and *Priam* himself opens the gates of Troy to receive the rest.

Thirdly, *Hector* stays, not that he hopes to overcome *Achilles*, but because shame and the dread of reproach forbid him to re-enter the city; a shame (says *Eustathius*) which was a fault that betray'd him out of his life, and ruined his country. Nay, *Homer* adds farther, that he only stay'd by the immediate will of heaven, intoxicated and irresistibly bound down by fate.

"Εκτόπει δ' αὐτῷ μεῖναι δλον μοῦρ' ινίδοντος

Faithfully, He had just been reflecting on the injustice of the war he maintained; his spirits are depressed by heaven, he expects certain death, he perceives himself abandoned by the Gods, (as he directly says in v. 300, &c. of the Greek, and 385 of the translation) so that he might say to *Achilles* what *Turnus* does to *Aeneas*,

Dii me terrent, & Jupiter bofis.

This indeed is the strongest reason that can be offered for the flight of *Hector*. He flies not from *Achilles* as a mortal hero, but from one whom he sees clad in impenetrable armour, seconded by *Mars*, and one who had put to flight the inferior Gods themselves. This is not cowardice, according to the constant principles of *Homer*, who thought it no part of a hero's character to be impious, or to fancy himself independent on the supreme being.

Indeed it had been a grievous fault, had our author suffered the courage of *Hector* intirely to forsake him even in this extremity: A brave man's soul is still capable of rousing itself, and acting honourably in the last struggles. Accordingly *Hector*, though delivered over to his destiny, abandoned by the Gods, and certain of death, yet stops and attacks *Achilles*; when he loses his spear, he draws his sword: It was impossible he should conquer, it was only in his power to fall gloriously; this he did, and it was all that man could do.

18 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies)

Just when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey, 185
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aerial way;
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:
No less fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd; 190

If the Reader, after all, cannot bring himself to like this passage, for his own particular; yet to induce him to suspend his absolute censure, he may consider that *Virgil* had an uncommon esteem for it, as he has testified in transferring it almost intirely to the death of *Turcas*; where there was no necessity of making use of the like incidents: But doubtless he was touch'd with this episode, as with one of those which interest us most of the whole *Iliad*, by a spectacle at once so terrible, and so deplorable. I must also add the suffrage of *Ariosto*, who was so far from looking upon this passage as ridiculous or blameable, that he esteemed it marvellous and admirable. "The "wonderful," says he, ought to have place in tragedy, but still more "in epic poetry, which proceeds in this point even to the unreason- "able: For as in epic poems one sees not the persons acting, so "whatever passes the bounds of reason, is proper to produce the "admirable and the marvellous." For example, what *Homer* says of "Hector pursued by *Achilles*, would appear ridiculous on the stage; "for the spectators could not forbear laughing to see on one side, "the Greeks standing without any motion, and on the other *Achilles*, "pursuing *Hector*, and making signs to the troops not to dart at him, "But all this does not appear when we read the poem: For what is "wonderful is always agreeable, and as a proof of it, we find that "they who relate any thing, usually add something to the truth, "that it may the better please those who hear it.

The same great critick vindicates this passage in the chapter following. "A poet, says he, is inexcusable if he introduces such "things as are impossible according to the rules of poetry: But "this ceases to be a fault, if by those means he attains to the end "proposed; for he has then brought about what he intended: For "example, if he renders by it any part of his poem more astonishing "or admirable. Such is the place in the *Iliad*, where *Achilles* pur- "sues *Hector*." *Arist. Poet.* chap. 25, 26.

Now

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 19

Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain ;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compass) smoke along the road.

Next by Scamander's double source they bound, 195

Where two fam'd fountains burst the parted ground ;
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies ;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter-snows. 200
Each gushing fountain a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills ;
Where Trojan dames (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece) .
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.

V. 196. *Where two fam'd fountains.*] Strabo blames Homer for saying that one of the sources of Scamander was a warm fountain; whereas (says he) there is but one spring, and that cold, neither is this in the place where Homer fixes it, but in the mountain. It is observed by Eustathius, that though this was not true in Strabo's days, yet it might in Homer's, greater changes having happened in less time than that which passed between those two authors. Sandys, who was both a geographer and critic of great accuracy, as well as a traveller of great veracity, affirms as an eye-witness, that there are yet some hot-water springs in that part of the country, opposite to Tenedos. I cannot but think that gentleman must have been particularly diligent and curious in his inquiries into the remains of a place so celebrated in poetry; as he was not only perhaps the most learned, but one of the best poets of his time: I am glad of this occasion to do his memory so much justice as to say, the English version owes much of its improvement to his Translations, and especially that admirable one of Job. What chiefly pleases me in this place, is to see the exact Landscape of old Troy; we have a clear idea of the town itself, and of the roads and country about it; the river, the fig-trees, and every part is set before our eyes.

By

20 HOMER's *ILIAS*. Book XXII.

By these they pass, one chafing, one in flight, 205

(The mighty fled, pursu'd by stronger might)

Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,

No vulgar victim must reward the day,

(Such as in races crown the speedy strife)

The prize contended was great *Hector's* life. 210

As when some hero's fun'als are decreed

In grateful honour of the mighty dead;

Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,

(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)

The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal, 215

And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul.

Thus three times round the *Trojan* wall they fly;

The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:

To whom, while eager on the chace they look,

The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke. 220

Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of heav'n,

Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!

V. 218. *The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky.*] We have here an instance of the great judgment of Homer. The death of *Hector* being the chief action of the poem; he assembles the Gods, and calls a Council in heaven concerning it: It is for the same reason that he represents *Jupiter* with the greatest solemnity weighing in his scales the fates of the two heroes: I have before observed at large upon the last circumstance in a preceding note, so that there is no occasion to repeat it.

I wonder that none of the commentators have taken notice of this beauty; in my opinion, it is a very necessary observation, and shews the art and judgment of the poet, that he has made the greatest and finishing action of the poem of such importance, that it engages the Gods in debates.

My

My heart partakes the gen'rous *Hector's* pain ;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
 Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy, 225
 From *Ida's* summits, and the tow'rs of *Troy* :

Now see him flying ! to his fears resign'd,
 And Fate, and fierce *Achilles*, close behind.
 Consult, ye pow'rs ! ('tis worthy your debate)
 Whether to snatch him from impending fate, 230
 Or let him bear, by stern *Polides* slain,
 (Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man ?

Then *Aallas* thus : Shall he whose vengeance forms
 The fork'd bolt, and blackens heav'n with storms,
 Shall he prolong one *Trojan's* forfeit breath ! 235
 A man, a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death !
 And will no murmurs fill the courts above ?
 No Gods indignant-blame their partial *Jove* ?

Go then (return'd the Sire) without delay,
 Exert thy will : I give the Fates their way. 240

V. 226. *From Ida's summits*—] It was the custom of the *Pagan* to sacrifice to the Gods upon the hills and mountains, in scripture language upon the *high places*, for they were perswaded that the Gods in a particular manner inhabited such eminences : Wherefore God ordered his people to destroy all those high places, which the nations had profaned by their idolatry. *You shall utterly destroy all the places whereon the nations which you shall possess served their Gods, upon the high mountains, and upon the hills, and under every green tree.* Dent. xii. 2. It is for this reason that so many kings are reproached in scripture for not taking away the *high places*. Dacier.

Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.

As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;

In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,

Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues.

Thus step by step, where'er the *Trojan* wheel'd,
There swift *Achilles* compass'd round the field.

Oft' as to reach the *Dardan* gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends,
(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cou'd below,

From the high turrets might oppose the foe)
So oft' *Achilles* turns him to the plain:

He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.

[V. 249. *This step by step, &c.*] There is some difficulty in this passage, and it seems strange that *Achilles* could not overtake *Hector* whom he excelled so much in swiftness, especially when the poet describes him as running in a narrower circle than *Hector*. *Eustathius* gives us many solutions from the ancients; *Homer* has already told us that they run for the life of *Hector*; and consequently *Hector* would exert his utmost speed, whereas *Achilles* might only endeavour to keep him from entering the city: Besides, *Achilles* could not directly pursue him, because he frequently made efforts to shelter himself under the wall, and he being obliged to turn him from it, he might be forced to take more steps than *Hector*. But the poet, to take away all grounds of an objection, tells us afterwards, that *Apollo* gave him a supernatural swiftness.

As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
 One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
 Their sinking limbs the fancy'd course forsake,
 Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.

260

No less the hasting heroes pass and strain;
 While that bat flies, and this parades in vain.

What God, O Muse! affl'd ~~Hector's~~ force,
 With Fate itself so long to hold the course?

Pbaibus it was; who, in his latest hour,

Fad'd his masses with strength, his nerves with pow'r;
 And great *Achilles*, left some Greek's advance
 Should fetch the glory from his lifted lance,
 Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
 And leave untouched the honour of the day.

270

Your

V. 267. *Arates in somnis.*] This beautiful comparison has been condemn'd by some of the ancients, even so far as to judge it unworthy of having a place in the *Iliad*: They say the diction is mean, and the similitude itself absurd, because it compares the swiftness of the heroes to men asleep, who are in a state of rest and inactivity. But these cannot be a mere groundless criticism: The poet is so far from drawing his comparison from the repose of men asleep, that he alludes only to their dreams: It is a rare in fancy that he describes; and surely the imagination is noble enough to illustrate the greatest degree of swiftness: Besides the verses themselves run with the utmost rapidity, and indicate the swiftness they describe. *Eustathius*.

What sufficiently proves these verses to be genuine, is, that *Virgil* has imitated them, *Æn.* 12.

At veluti in somnis —————

V. 269. *Sign'd to the troops, &c.*] The difference which *Homer* here makes between *Hector* and *Achilles* deserves to be taken notice of; *Hector* is running away towards the walls, to the end that the *Trojans* who are upon them may overwhelm *Achilles* with their darts; and

Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
 The fates of mortal men, and things below:
 Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
 And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
 Low sinks the scale, surcharg'd with *Hector*'s fate; 275
 Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight.

Then *Phœbus* left him. Fierce *Minerva* flies
 To stern *Pelides*, and triumphing, cries:

and *Achilles* is turning *Hector* towards the plain, makes a sign to his troops not to attack him. This shews the great courage of *Achilles*. Yet this action which appears so generous has been very much condemned by the ancients; *Plutarch* in the life of *Pompey* gives us to understand, that it was looked upon as the action of a fool too greedy of glory: Indeed this is not a single combate of *Achilles* against *Hector*, (for in that case *Achilles* would have done very ill not to hinder his troops from assaulting him) this was a rencontre in a battel, and so *Achilles* might, and ought to take all advantages to rid himself, the readiest and the surest way, of an enemy whose death would procure an intire victory to his party. Wherefore does he leave this victory to chance? Why expose himself to the hazard of losing it? Why does he prefer his private glory to the publick weal, and the safety of all the *Greeks*, which he puts to the venture by delaying to conquer, and endangering his own person? I grant it is a fault, but it must be owned to be the fault of a hero. *Euslatbius*, *Dacier*.

V. 277. Then *Phœbus* left him ——] This is a very beautiful and poetical manner of describing a plain circumstance: The hour of *Hector*'s death was now come, and the poet expresses it by saying that *Apollo*, or *Destiny*, forsakes him: That is, the Fates no longer protect him. *Euslatbius*.

V. id. ——Fierce *Minerva* flies To stern *Pelides*, &c.] The poet may seem to diminish the glory of *Achilles*, by ascribing the victory over *Hector* to the assistance of *Pallas*; whereas in truth he fell by the hand only of *Achilles*: But poetry loves to raise every thing into a wonder; it steps out of the common road of narration, and aims to surprize; and the poet would farther infinuate, that it is a greater glory to *Achilles* to be belov'd by the Gods, than to be only excellent in valour: For many men have valour, but few the favour of heaven. *Euslatbius*.

BOOK XXII. HOMER's *ILIADE*. 25

Oh lov'd of *Jove!* this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on *Greece*, 280

Great *Hector* falls; that *Hector* fam'd so far,
Drunk with renown, infatiate of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! not force, nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.

See, where in vain he supplicates above, 285
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting *Jove!*
Rest here: myself will lead the *Trojan* on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.

Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
Obey'd; and rested, on his lance reclin'd, 290
While like *Deiphobus* the martial dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms the same)
In show an aid, by hapless *Hector*'s side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.

Too long, O *Hector*! have I born the fight 295
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight;

V. 290. *Obey'd; and rested.*] The whole passage where *Pallas* deceives *Hector* is evidently an allegory: *Achilles* perceiving that he cannot overtake *Hector*, pretends to be quite spent and wearied in the pursuit; the stratagem takes effect, and recalls his enemy; This the poet expresses by saying that *Pallas*, or *Wisdom*, came to assist *Achilles*. *Hector* observing his enemy stay to rest, concludes that he is quite fatigued, and immediately takes courage and advances upon him; he thinks he has him at an advantage, but at last finds himself deceived: Thus making a wrong judgment, he is betrayed into his death; so that his own *false judgment* is the *treacherous* *Pallas* that deceives him. *Eustathius*.

26 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.

Then he. O Prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name; 300
Of all that *Hecuba* to *Priam* bare,
Long try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our num'rous race, alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.

Again the Goddess. Much my father's pray'z,
And much my mother's, peast me to forbear:
My friends embrack'd say knees, adjur'd my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle, and the jav'lin fly; 310
Or let us stretch *Achilles* on the field,
Or to his arm o'er bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The *Dardan* hero shun'd his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence *Hector* broke; 315
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke.

Enough, O son of *Peleus*! *Troy* has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purf'd.

But

V. 327. *The speeches of Hector and of Achilles.*] There is an opposition between these speeches excellently adapted to the character of both the heroes: That of *Hector* is full of courage, but mixed with humanity: That of *Achilles*, of resentment and arrogance: We see the great *Hector* disposing of his own remains, and that thirst of glory

But now some God within me bids me try
 Thine, or my fate : I kill thee, or I die. 320

Yet on the verge of battel let us stay,
 And for a moment's space suspend the day ;
 Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
 The just conditions of this stern debate,
 (Eternal witnessess of all below, 325
 And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow !)
 To them I swear ; if visor in the strife,
 Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
 No vile dishonour shall thy corps pursue ;
 Script of its arms alone (the conqueror's due) 330
 The rest to *Greece* unjur'd I'll restore :
 Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

glory which has made him live with honour, now bids him provide, as *Eustathius* observes, that what once was *Hector* may not be dishonoured: Thus we see a sedate, calm courage, with a contempt of death, in the speech of *Hector*. But in that of *Achilles* there is a *séride*, and an insolent air of superiority; his magnanimity makes him scorn to steal a victory, he bids him prepare to defend himself with all his forces: and that valour and resentment which made him desirous that he might revenge himself upon *Hector* with his own hand, and forbade the *Greeks* to interpose, now directs him not to take any advantage over a brave enemy. I think both their characters are admirably sustain'd, and though *Achilles* is drawn with a great violence of features, yet the picture is undoubtedly like him; and it had been the utmost absurdity to have soften'd one line upon this occasion, when the soul of *Achilles* was all on fire to revenge the death of his friend *Patroclus*. I must desire the reader to carry this observation in his memory, and particularly in that place, where *Achilles* says he could eat the very flesh of *Hector*; (though I have a little softened it in the translation), v. 438;

28 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXIX.

- Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be, 335
Nor oath nor pact *Achilles* plights with thee :
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods ! one constant state
Of lasting rancour, and eternal hate : 340
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouze then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance ; 345
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe ;
But *Hector* shun'd the meditated blow : 350
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great *Achilles'* hand,
Unseen of *Hector*, who, elate with joy, 355
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of *Troy*.
The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince, you have miss'd. My fate depends on heav'n.

To

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 29

To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own. 360

Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.

But know, whatever fate I am to try,

By no dishonest wound shall *Hector* die;

I shall not fall a fugitive at least, 365

My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.

But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

The weapon flew, its course unerring held,

Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd 370
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound

From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.

Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,

Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;

He calls *Diiphobus*, demands a spear, 375
In vain, for no *Diiphobus* was there.

All comfortless he stands: Then, with a sigh,

'Tis so —— heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!

I deem'd *Diiphobus* had heard my call,

But he secure lies guarded in the wall. 380

A God deceiv'd me; *Pallas*, 'twas thy deed,

Death, and black fate approach! 'Tis I must bleed.

No refuge now, no succour from above,

Great *Jove* deserts me, and the son of *Jove*,

30 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

Propitious once, and kind ! Then welcome fate ! 385

'Tis true I perish, yet I perish great :

Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,

Let future ages hear it, and admire !

Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,

And, all collected, on *Achilles* flew. 390

So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,

Stoops from the clouds to trus'the quiv'ring hare,

Nor less *Achilles* his fierce soul prepares,

Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,

Resfulgent orb ! above his fourfold cone 395

The gilded horse hair sparkled in the sun,

Nodding at ev'ry step : (*Vulcanian* frame !).

And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.

As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener light,

Far beaming o'er the silver host of night, 400

When all the starry train emblaze the sphere :

So shone the point of great *Achilles'* spear.

In his right-hand he waves the weapon round,

Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound ;

V. 391. So Jove's bold bird, &c.] The poet takes up some time in describing the two great heroes before they close in fight. The verses are pompous and magnificent, and he illustrates his description with two beautiful similes. He makes a double use of this conduct, which not only raises our imagination to attend to so momentous an action, but by lengthening his narration keeps the mind in a pleasing suspense, and divides it between hopes and fears for the fate of *Hector* or *Achilles*.

But

BOOK XXII. HOMER'S ILIAD. 31

But the rich mail *Patroclus* lately wore, 405
 Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
 One place at length he spies, to let in fate,
 Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
 Gave entrance: Thro' that penetrable part
 Furious he drove the well-directed dart: 410
 Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
 Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
 Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
 While thus triumphing, stern *Achilles* cries.

At last is *Hector* stretch'd upon the plain, 415
 Who fear'd no vengeance for *Patroclus* slain:
 Then, Prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent, was *Achilles* still.
 Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
 Then low in dust thy strength and glory lay'd. 420
 Peaceful He sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

V. 409. *Tbra'* that penetrable part *Furious* be drove, &c.] It was necessary that the poet should be very particular in this point, because the arms that *Hector* wore, were the arms of *Achilles*, taken from *Patroclus*; and consequently as they were the work of *Vulcan*, they would preserve *Hector* from the possibility of a wound: The poet therefore to give an air of probability to his story, tells us that they were *Patroclus*'s arms, and as they were not made for *Hector*, they might not exactly fit his body: So that it is not improbable but there might be some place about the neck of *Hector* so open, as to admit the spear of *Achilles*. *Eusebius*.

While cast to all the rage of hostile pow'r,
Thee, birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.

Then *Hector* fainting at th' approach of death. 425
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!

By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!

The common rites of sepulture beflow,
To sooth a father's and a mother's woe; 430
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And *Hector*'s bones in his country rest,

No, wretch accurst; relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare, 435
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.

Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No — to the dogs that carcase I resign.

Should *Troy*, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;

440
Should

V. 437. Could I myself the bloody banquet join!] I have before hinted that there is something very fierce and violent in this passage; but I fancy that what I there observed will justify Homer in his relation, though not *Achilles* in his savage sentiments. Yet the poet softens the expression by making *Achilles* only wish that his *tears would permit him to devour him*: This is much more tolerable than a passage in the *Thebaic* of *Statius*, where *Tydeus* in the very pangs of death is represented as gnawing the head of his enemy.

V. 439. Should *Troy*, to bribe me, &c.] Such resolutions as *Achilles* here makes, are very natural to men in anger; he tells *Hector* that no motives shall ever prevail with him to suffer his body to be ransomed; yet when time had cool'd his heat, and he had somewhat satisfy'd

Should *Dardan Priam*, and his weeping dame
 Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame :
 Their *Hector* on the pile they should not see,
 Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew ; 445
 Thy rage, implacable ! too well I knew :
 The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
 And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
 Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
 And angry Gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee ; 450
Phœbus and *Paris* shall avenge my fate,
 And stretch thee here, before this *Scaean* gate.

He ceas'd. The Fates suppress his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death ;
 To the dark realm the spirit wings its way, 455
 (The manly body left a load of clay)

Satisfy'd his revenge by insulting his remains, he restores them to *Priam*. This perfectly agrees with his conduct in the ninth book, where at first he gives a rough denial, and afterwards softens into an easier temper. And this is very agreeable to the nature of *Achilles*; his anger abates very slowly; it is stubborn, yet still it relents: Had the poet drawn him as never to be pacified, he had outrag'd nature, and not represented his hero as a man, but as a monster. *Eusebius*.

V. 449. *A day will come*—] *Hector* prophesies at his death that *Achilles* shall fall by the hand of *Paris*. This confirms an observation made in a former note, that the words of dying men were look'd upon as prophecies; but whether such conjectures are true or false, it appears from hence, that such opinions have prevailed in the world above three thousand years.



And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wond'ring, melancholy ghost!

Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes

O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies.

460

Die thou the first! When *Jove* and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee — He said, and stripp'd the slain.

Then forcing backward from the gaping wōund
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.

The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes 465
His manly beauty and superior size:

While some ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.

" How chang'd that *Hector*! who like *Jove* of late

" Sent lightning on our fleets, and scatter'd fate!" 470

[V. 467. *The great dead deface With wounds, &c.*] Eustathius tells us that Homer introduces the soldiers wounding the dead body of *Hector*, in order to mitigate the cruelties which *Achilles* exercises upon it. For if every common soldier takes a pride in giving him a wound, what insults may we not expect from the inexorable, inflam'd *Achilles*? But I must confess myself unable to vindicate the poet in giving us such an idea of his countrymen. I think the former courage of their enemy should have been so far from moving them to revenge, that it should have recommended him to their esteem: What *Achilles*' afterwards acts is suitable to his character, and consequently the poet is justified; but surely all the Greeks were not of his temper? *Patreclus* was not so dear to them all, as he was to *Achilles*. It is true, the poet represents *Achilles* (as Eustathius observes) enumerating the many ills they had suffered from *Hector*; and seems to endeavour to infect the whole army with his resentment. Had *Hector* been living, they had been act'd by a generous indignation against him: But these men seem as if they only dared approach him dead; in short, what they say over his body is a mean insult, and the flab they give it are cowardly and barbarous.

High o'er the slain the great *Achilles* stands,
Begirt with heroes, and surrounding bands ;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends.

Princes and Leaders ! Countrymen and Friends !

Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n 475

The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,

Is not *Troy* fall'n already ? Haste, ye pow'rs !

See, if already their deserted tow'rs

Are left unmann'd ; or if they yet retain

The souls of heroes, their great *Hector* slain ?

But what is *Troy*, of glory what to me ?

Or why reflects my mind on ought but thee,

Divine *Patroclus* ! Death has seal'd his eyes ;

Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !

480

V. 474. *The speech of Achilles.*] We have a very fine observation of *Eustathius* on this place, that the judgment and address of Homer here is extremely worthy of remark : he knew, and had often said, that the gods and fate had not granted *Achilles* the glory of taking *Troy* : There was then no reason so make him march against the town after the death of *Hector*, since all his efforts must have been ineffectual. What has the poet done in this conjecture ? It was but reasonable that the first thought of *Achilles* should be to march directly to *Troy*, and to profit himself of the general confectioning into which the death of *Hector* had thrownd the *Trojans*. We have seen he knows the duty, and does not want the ability, of a great General ; but after this on a sudden he changes his design, and gives a plausible pretence from the impatience he has to pay the last devours to his friend. The manners of *Achilles*, and what he has already done for *Patroclus*, make this very natural. At the same time, this turning off to the tender and pathetic has a fine effect ; the reader in the very fury of the hero's vengeance, perceives that *Achilles* is still a man, and capable of softer passions.

Can his dear image from my soul depart, 485

Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?

If, in the melancholy shades below,

The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,

Yet mine shall sacked last; mine undecay'd,

Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. 490

Meanwhile, ye sons of *Greece*, in triumph bring

The corps of *Hector*, and your *Pæans* sing.

Be this the song, slow moving tow'r'd the shore,

"*Hector* is dead, and *Ilion* is no more."

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred, 495

(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead)

The

V. 494. "Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."] I have followed the opinion of *Eustathius*, who thought that what *Achilles* says here was the *chorus* or burden of a *song* of triumph, in which his troops bear a part with him, as he returns from this glorious combat. *Dacier* observes that this is very correspondent to the manners of those times; and instances in that passage of the book of *King*, when *David* returns from the conquest of *Goliath*: The women there go out to meet him from all the cities of *Israel*, and sing a triumphal song, the *chorus* whereof is, *Saul has killed bis thousands, and David bis ten thousands*.

V. 496. *Unworthy of himself, and of the dead.*] This inhumanity of *Achilles* in dragging the dead body of *Hector*, has been severely (and I think indeed not without some justice) censur'd by several, both ancients and moderns. *Plato* in his third book *de Republica*, speaks of it with detestation: But methinks it is a great injustice to *Homer*, to reflect upon the morals of the author himself for things which he only paints as the manners of a vicious hero.

He may justly be observed in general of all *Plato*'s objections against *Homer*, that they are still in a view to morality, constantly blaming him for representing ill and immoral things as the opinions or actions of his persons. To every one of these, one general answer will serve, which is, that *Homer* as often describes ill things, in order

The nervous ankles bor'd, his feet he bound
 With thongs inserted thro' the double wound ;
 These fix'd up high behind the rolling waist,
 His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.

500

Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
 And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
 He smites the steeds ; the rapid chariot flies ;
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
 Now lost is all that formidable air :

505

The face divine, and long-descending hair.

Purple

order to make us avoid them, as good, to induce us to follow them, (which is the case with all writers whatever.) But what is extremely remarkable, and evidently shews the injustice of *Plato's* censure is, that many of those very actions for which he blames him, are expressly characterized and marked by *Homer* himself as evil and detestable, by previous expressions or cautions. Thus in the present place, before he describes this barbarity of *Achilles*, he tells us it was a most unworthy action.

———Καὶ ἔτρωπα δῖος αὐγεῖα μάδιτο ἵψα.

When *Achilles* sacrifices the twelve young *Trojans* in l. 23. he repeats the same words. When *Pandarus* broke the truce in l. 4. he told us it was a mad, & unjust deed;

———τῷ δὲ Φείρας αὔφεν πεῖθε.

And so of the rest.

V. 506. *The face divine, and long-descending hair.*] It is impossible to read the actions of great men without having our curiosity rais'd to know the least circumstance that relates to them. *Homer*, to satisfy it, has taken care in the proceſs of his poem to give us the shape of his heroes, and the very colour of their hair; thus he has told us that *Achilles's* locks were yellow, and here the epithet *Kuāvōn*

g.

Purple the ground, and streak the sable fand;
 Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!
 Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
 And in his parents sight, now dragg'd along!

510

The mother first beheld with sad survey;

She rent her tresses, venerably grey,

And cast, far off, the regal veils away.

With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,

While the sad father answers groans with groans,

Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,

And the whole city wears one face of woe.

No less than if the rage of hostile fires

From her foundations curling to her spires,

O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,

And the last blaze fend *Ilion* to the skies:

The wretched monarch of the falling state

Distracted, presses to the *Dardan* gate.

Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,

While strong affliction gives the feeble force:

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,

In all the raging impotence of woe.

515

520

525

535

shews us that those of *Hector* were of a darker colour: As to his person, he told us a little above, that it was so handsome, that all the Greeks were surprized to see it. Plutarch recites a remarkable story of the beauty of *Hector*: It was reported in *Lacedæmon*, that a handsome youth who very much resembled *Hector* was arrived there; immediately the whole city ran in such numbers to behold him, that he was trampled to death by the crowd. *Eustathius*.

At

BOOK XXXI. HOMER'S ILIAD. 39

At length he roll'd in dust; and thus begun:

Imploring all, and naming one by one.

Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls; 530

I, only I, will issue from your walls,

(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none)

And bow before the murd'rer of my son.

My grief perhaps his pity may engage;

Perhaps at least he may respect my age. 535

He has a father too; a man like me;

One, not exempt from age and misery,

(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace

Begot this pest of me, and all my race.)

How many valiant sons, in early bloom, 540

Has that curst hand sent headlong to the tomb?

Thee, *Hector!* last: Thy loss (divinely brave)

Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.

Oh had thy gentle spirit past in peace,

The son expiring in the fire's embrace, 545

[V. 543. Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.] It is in the Greek,

"Οὐ μ' ἄχος δένει κατοίδεταις αἰδοῖς τίνω.

It is needless to observe to the reader with what a beautiful *pathos* the wretched father laments his son *Hector*: It is impossible not to join with *Priam* in his sorrows. But what I would chiefly point out to my reader, is the beauty of this line, which is particularly tender, and almost word for word the same with that of the Patriarch *Jacob*; who upon the like occasion breaks out into the same complaint, and tells his children, that if they deprive him of his son *Benjamin*, they will bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
 And bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender show'r !
 Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
 To melt in full satiety of grief !

Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground, 550
 And all the eyes of *Hion* stream'd around.

Amidst her matrons *Hecuba* appears,
 (A mourning Princess, and a train in tears)
 Ah why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
 Patient of horrors, to behold thy death ? 555
 Oh *Hector* ! late thy parents pride and joy,
 The boast of nations ! the defence of *Troy* !
 To whom her safety and her fame she ow'd,
 Her Chief, her Hero, and almost her God !
 O fatal change ! become in one sad day 560
 A senseless corse ! inanimated clay !
 But not as yet the fatal news had spread
 To fair *Andromache*, of *Hector* dead.

V. 563; &c.] The grief of *Andromache*, which is painted in the following part, is far beyond all the praises that can be given it ; but I must take notice of one particular which shews the great art of the poet. In order to make the wife of *Hector* appear yet more afflicted than his parents, he has taken care to increase her affliction by surprize : It is finely prepared by the circumstances of her being retired to her innermost apartment, of her employment in weaving a robe for her husband, (as may be conjectured from what she says afterward, v. 657.) and of her maids preparing the bath for his return : All which (as the criticks have observed) augment the surprize, and render this reverse of fortune much more dreadful and afflicting.

As yet no messenger had told his fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the *Scaean* gate. 565

Far in the close recesses of the dome,
Penfive she ply'd the melancholy loom ;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.

Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn, 570
The bath preparing for her Lord's return :

In vain : Alas ! her Lord returns no more !
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the shore !
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members shake with sudden fear ; 575
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls.

Ah follow me ! (she cry'd) what plaintive noise
Invades my ear ? 'Tis sure my mother's voice.
My Faul'ring knees their trembling frame desert, 580
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.

Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye Gods avert it) threatens the *Trojan* state.
Far be the Omen which my thoughts suggest !
But much I fear my *Hector*'s dauntless breast 585
Confronts *Achilles* ; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls ! I fear, I fear him slain !
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And fought for glory in the jaws of fate :

Perha-

42 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXII.

Perhaps that noble heart has lost his breath, 590
 Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.

She spoke ; and furious, with distract'd pace,
 Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
 Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her steps pursue)
 And mounts the walls, and sends around her view. 595
 Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
 The god-like *Hector* dragg'd along the ground.
 A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes :
 She faints, she falls ; her breath, her colour flies.
 Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound, 600
 The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,

The

V. 600. *Her hair's fair ornaments.*} *Eustathius* remarks, that in speaking of *Andromache* and *Hecuba*, Homer expatiates upon the ornaments of dress in *Andromache*, because she was a beautiful young princess; but is very concise about that of *Hecuba*, because she was old, and wore a dress rather suitable to her age and gravity, than to her state, birth, and condition. I cannot pass over a matter of such importance as a Lady's dress, without endeavouring to explain what sort of heads were worn above three thousand years ago.

It is difficult to describe particularly every ornament mentioned by the poet, but I shall lay before my female readers the Bishop's explanation. The *Αμπυξ* was used, τὸ τὰς ἴμπροσθίας τριχας αἰαδῖν, that is, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the forepart of the head: The *Κεκρύφαλος* was a veil of net-work that covered the hair when it was so ty'd: *Αναδέργη* was an ornament used κύκλω περὶ τὰς κροτάφες αἰαδῖν, to tie backwards the hair that grew on the temples; and the *Κρύδεμον* was a fillet; perhaps embroidered with gold, (from the expression of *χρυσὴν Αφροδίτην*) that bound the whole, and compleated the dress.

The Ladies cannot but be pleased to see so much learning and Great upon this important subject.

Homer

BOOK XXII. HOMER's *ILIADE*. 43

The veil and diadem, flew far away;

(The gift of *Venus* on her bridal day).

Around a train of weeping sisters stands

To raise her sinking with assistant hands.

605

Scarce from the verge of death recall'd again,

She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched husband of a wretched wife !

Born with one fate, to one unhappy life !

For sure one star its baneful beam display'd

610

On *Priam*'s roof, and *Hippoplacia*'s shade.

From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,

At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same !

Why was my birth to great *Aetion* ow'd,

And why was all that tender care bestow'd ?

615

Would I had never been !—O thou, the ghost

Of my dead husband ! miserably lost !

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !

And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !

An only child, once comfort of my pains,

620

Sad product now of hapless love remains !

No more to smile upon his Sire ! no friend

To help him now ! no father to defend !

Homer is in nothing more excellent than in that distinction of characters which he maintains through his whole poem: What *Andromache* here says, cannot be spoken properly by any but *Andromache*: There is nothing general in her sorrows, nothing that can be transferred to another character: The mother laments the son, and the wife weeps over the husband.

For

For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom !
 What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come ? 625
 Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
 Some stranger plows his patrimonial field:
 The day that to the shades the father fends,
 Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
 He, wretched outcast of mankind ! appears 630
 For ever sad, for ever bath'd in tears ;
 Amongst the happy, unregarded he,
 Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,
 While those his father's former bounty fed,
 Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread : 635

V. 628. *The day, that to the shades, &c.*] The following verses, which so finely describe the condition of an orphan, have been rejected by some ancient critics: It is a proof there were always criticks of no manner of taste; it being impossible any where to meet with a more exquisite passage. I will venture to say, there are not in all Homer any lines more worthy of him: The beauty of this tender and compassionate image is such, that it even makes amends for the many cruel ones, with which the *Iliad* is too much stained. These censurers imagined this description to be of too abject and mean a nature of one of the quality of *Abyanax*; but had they considered (says *Eustathius*) that these are the words of a fond mother, who feared every thing for her son; that women are by nature timorous, and think all misfortunes will happen, because there is a possibility that they may; that *Andromache* is in the very height of her sorrows, in the instant she is speaking; I fancy they would have altered their opinion.

It is undoubtedly an aggravation to our misfortunes when they sink us in a moment from the highest flow of prosperity to the lowest adversity: The poet judiciously makes use of this circumstance, the more to excite our pity, and introduces the mother with the utmost tenderness, lamenting this reverse of fortune in her son; changed all at once into a slave, a beggar, an orphan! Have we not examples in our own times of unhappy Princes, whose condition renders this of *Abyanax* but too probable?

The

The kindest but his present wants allay,
 To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
 Frugal compassion! Heedless they who boast
 Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
 Shall cry, “ Be gone! thy father feasts not here: 640
 The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
 Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
 To my sad soul *Abyanax* appears!
 Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
 And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn. 645
 He, who with tender delicacy bred,
 With princes sported, and on dainties fed,
 And when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
 Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
 Must—ah what must he not? Whom *Ilion* calls 650
Abyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
 Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
 Since now no more the father guards his *Troy*.
 But thou, my *Hector*, ly'it expos'd in air,
 Far from thy parents and thy consort's care, 655

V. 647. *On dainties fed.*] It is in the Greek, “ Who upon his “ father's knees, used to eat marrow and the fat of sheep.” This would seem gross if it were literally translated, but it is a figurative expression; in the style of the orientals, marrow and fatness are taken for whatever is best, tenderest, and most delicious. Thus in *Job* xxi. 24. *Viscera ejus plena sunt adipe & medullis ossa ejus irrigantur.* And xxxvi. 16. *Requies austem mensae tuae erit plena pinguedine.* In *Tor.* xxii. 14. God says, that he will satiate the soul of the priests with fatness. *Inebriabit animam sacerdotum pinguedine.* Dacier.

Whose

Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.

Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!

Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid, 660
An honour to the living, not the dead!

So spake the mournful dame: Her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

V. 657. *The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.*] This idea very naturally offers itself to a woman, who represents to herself the body of her husband dashed to pieces, and all his limbs dragged upon the ground uncovered; and nothing is more proper to excite pity. 'Tis well known, that it was anciently the custom among princesses and great ladies to have large quantities of stuffs and moveables. This provision was more necessary in those times than now, because of the great consumption made of them on those occasions of mourning. *Dacier.*

I am of opinion that Homer had a farther view in expatiating thus largely upon the death of Hector. Every word that *Hecuba*, *Priam*, and *Andromache* speak, shews us the importance of *Hector*: Every word adds a weight to the concluding action of the poem, and at the same time represents the sad effects of the Anger of *Achilles*, which is the subject of it.



THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILLIAD.



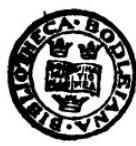


The A R G U M E N T.

A CHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flames. When the pile has burn'd all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: The chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, & the Discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin. The various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: The one and thirtieth day is employed in felling timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it; and the three and thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

T H E





E.K. 1747

Achilles after having taken a severe Revenge upon Hector for the Death of his dear Patroclus causes Magnificent Funeral Rites to be perform'd for him; where in are sacrific'd to his Mains twelve young Trojans of noble Birth, a Tomb is erected for him, & Games celebrated in Honour of him.

B. XII.



THE
* TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

THUS humbled in the dust, the penive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on bread *Hellespont's* resounding shore:

The

* This, and the following book, which contain the desription of the funeral of *Patreclus* and other matters relating to *Hector*, are undoubtedly super-added to the grand catastrophe of the poem; for the story is compleatly finished with the death of that hero in the twenty-second book. Many judicious critieks have been of opinion, that *Homer* is blameable for protracting it. *Virgil* closes the whole scene of action with the death of *Turnus*, and leaves the rest to be imagined by the mind of the reader: He does not draw the picture at full length, but delineates it so far, that we cannot fail of imagining the whole draught. There is however one thing to be said in
Vol. VI. C in

50 HOMER's *ILIA D.* Book XXIII.

The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand, 5

All, but the martial Myrmidonian band;

These yet assembled great Achilles holds,

And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds.

Nor yet (my brave compaignons of the war) 10

Release your smoaking coursers from the car;

But, with his chariot each in order led,

Perform due honours to *Patroclus* dead.

E'er yet from rest or food we seek relief,

Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

in favour of *Homer*, which may perhaps justify him in his method, that what he undertook to paint was the *Anger of Achilles*: And as that Anger does not die with *Hector*, but persecutes his very remains, so the Poet still keeps up to his subject; nay, it seems to require that he should carry down the relation of that resentment, which is the foundation of his poem, till it is fully satisfied: And as this survives *Hector*, and gives the poet an opportunity of still shewing many sad effects of *Achilles's Anger*, the two following books may be thought not to be excrencencies, but essential to the Poem.

Virgil had been inexcusable had he trod in *Homer's* footsteps; for it is evident that the fall of *Turnus*, by giving *Eneas* a full power over *Italy*, answers the whole design and intention of the poem; had he gone farther, he had overshot his mark: And though *Homer* proceeds after *Hector's* death, yet the subject is still the *Anger of Achilles*.

We are now past the war and violence of the *Ilias*, the scenes of blood are closed during the rest of the poem; we may look back with a pleasing kind of horror upon the Anger of *Achilles*, and see what dire effects it has wrought in the compass of nineteen days: *Troy* and *Greece* are both in mourning for it, Heaven and Earth, Gods and Men, have suffered in the conflict, the reader seems landed upon the shore after a violent storm; and has leisure to survey the consequences of the tempest, and the wreck occasioned by the former commotions, *Troy* weeping for *Hector*, and *Greece* for *Patroclus*. Our passions have been in an agitation since the opening of the poem; wherefore the poet, like some great master in music, softens his notes, and melts his reader into tenderness and pity.

The

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their couriers round the dead;
 And thrice their sorrows and lamentations renew;
 Tears bathe their arms, and stain the sands below.

For

V. 18. *Tears bathe their arms, and stain the sands below,*
 ——————
Thetis aids their woe ————]

It is not easy to give a reason why *Thetis* should be said to excite the grief of the *Myrmidons* and of *Achilles*; it had seem'd more natural for the mother to have composed the sorrows of the son, and reflect'd his troubled mind to tranquillity.

But such a procedure would have outrag'd the character of *Achilles*, who is all along described to be of such a violence of temper, that he is not easy to be pacified at any time, much less upon so great an incident as the death of his friend *Patroclus*. Perhaps the Poet made use of this fiction in honour of *Achilles*; he makes every passion of his hero considerable; his sorrow as well as anger is important, and he cannot grieve but a Goddess attends him, and a whole army weeps.

Some commentators fancy that *Homer* animates the very sands of the sea, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*, and makes them sensible of the loss of *Patroclus*; the preceding words seem to strengthen that opinion, because the poet introduces a Goddess to raise the sorrow of the army. But *Eustathius* seems not to give into this conjecture, and I think very judiciously; for what relation is there between the sands of the shores, and the arms of the *Myrmidons*? It would have been more poetical to have said, the sands and the rocks, than the sands and the arms; but it is very natural to say, that the soldiers wept so bitterly, that their armour and the very sands were wet with their tears. I believe this remark will appear very just by reading the verse, with a comma after *τεύχεα*, thus,

Δεύοτο Φάμαδοι, δέυοτο δὲ τεύχεα, φωτῶν
Aesepus.

Then the construction will be natural and easy, period will answer period in the Greek, and the sense in English will be, the sands were wet, and the arms were wet with the tears of the mourners.

For such a warrior *Tethis* aids their woe,
 Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow. 20
 But chief, *Pelides*: thick-succeeding sighs
 Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
 His slaughter'd hands, yet red with blood, he laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said.

All hail, *Patroclus*! let thy honour'd ghost 25
 Hear, and rejoice on *Pluto's* dreary coast;
 Behold! *Achilles'* promise is compleat;
 The bloody *Hector* stretch'd before thy feet.
 Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
 And twelve sad victims of the *Trojan* line 30
 Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,
 Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.

But however this be, there is a very remarkable beauty in the sun of the verse in *Homer*, every word has a melancholy cadence, and the Poet has not only made the fands and the arms, but even his very verse to lament with *Achilles*.

V. 23. *His slaughter'd bands, yet red with blood, be laid
 On his dead friend's cold breast.*

I could not pass by this passage without observing to my reader the great beauty of this epithet *αιδροφόνες*. An ordinary poet would have contented himself with saying, he laid his hand upon the breast of *Patroclus*; but *Homer* knows how to raise the most trivial circumstance, and by adding this one word, he laid his *deadly* hands, or his *murderous* hands, he fills our minds with great ideas, and by a single epithet recalls to our thoughts all the noble achievements of *Achilles* through the *Iliad*.

V. 25. *All hail, Patroclus, &c.*] There is in this apostrophe of *Achilles* to the ghost of *Patroclus*, a sort of savageness, and a mixture of softness and atrocity, which are highly conformable to his character. *Dacier.*

Gloomy

Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
 Before the bier the bleeding *Hector* threw,
 Prone on the dust. The *Myrmidons* around 35
 Unbrac'd their armour, and the steeds unbound.
 All to *Achilles'* fable ship repair,
 Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
 Now from the well-fed swine black smoaks aspire,
 The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire : 40
 The huge ox bellowing falls ; with feebler cries
 Expires the goat ; the sheep in silence dies.
 Aroun'd the hero's prostrate body flow'd
 In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
 And now a band of *Argive* Monarchs brings 45
 The glorious victor to the King of Kings.
 From his dead friend the penive warrior went,
 With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
 Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
 With kindled flames the tripod vase surround ; 50
 To cleanse his conqu'ring hands from hostile gore,
 They urg'd in vain ; the chief refus'd, and swore.

V. 51. *To cleanse his conqu'ring bands*—
The chief refus'd—

This is conformable to the custom of the orientals: *Achilles* will not be induc'd to wash, and afterwards retires to the sea-shore, and sleeps on the ground. It is just thus that *David* mourns in the scriptures; he refuses to wash, or to take any repast, but retires from company, and lies upon the earth.

54 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXXI.

No drop shall touch me, by almighty *Jove* !
 The first and greatest of the Gods above ?
 'Till on the pyre I place thee ; 'till I rear
 The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair. 55
 Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
 And sooth my sorrows, while I bear to live.
 Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
 And share your feast ; but, with the dawn of day, 60
 (O King of men !) it claims thy royal care,
 That *Greece* the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
 And bid the forests fall : (Such rites are paid
 To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade.)
 Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire, 65
 Let the leagu'd squadrons to their posts retire.
 He spoke ; they hear him, and the word obey ;
 The rage of hunger and of thirst allay, }
 Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
 But great *Pelides*, stretch'd along the shore 70
 Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
 Lies inly groaning ; while on either hand
 The martial *Myrmidons* confus'dly stand :
 Along the graft his languid members fall,
 Tir'd with his chase around the *Trojan* wall, 75
 Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
 At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.

When

When lo ! the shade before his closing eyes
 Of sad *Patrether* rose, or seem'd to rise ; -
 Is the same robe he living wore, he came,
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
 And sleeps *Achilles* (then the phantom said)
 Sleeps my *Achilles*, his *Patroclus* dead ? }
 Living, I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,
 But now forgot, I wander in the air ;
 Let my pale corpse the rites of burial know,
 And give me entrance in the realms below :
 'Till then the spirit finds no resting-place,
 But here and there th' unbody'd spectres chase
 The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
 Forbid to cross th' irreconcileable flood.

Now

V. 78. *The ghost of Patroclus.*] Homer has introduced into the former parts of the poem the personages of Gods and Goddesses from heaven, and of furies from hell. He has embellished it with ornaments from earth, sea, and air ; and he here opens a new scene, and brings to the view a ghost, the shade of the departed friend : By these methods he diversifies his poem with new and surprizing circumstances, and awakes the attention of the reader ; at the same time he very poetically adapts his language to the circumstances of this imaginary *Patroclus*, and teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time, concerning the state of separate souls.

V. 92. *Forbid to cross th' irreconcileable flood.*] It was the common opinion of the ancients, that the souls of the departed were not admitted into the number of the happy till their bodies had received the funeral rites ; they supposed those that wanted them wandered an hundred years before they were wafted over the infernal river ; *Virgil* perhaps had this passage of *Homer* in his view in the sixth *Aeneis*, at least he coincides with his sentiments concerning the state of the departed souls.

Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.
 When once the last funereal flames ascend,
 No more shall meet *Achilles* and his friend, 95
 No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known,
 Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
 Me fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
 The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth: 100
 Thee too it waits; before the *Trojan* wall
 Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.

*Hec omnis, quam cernis, insop: inhumataque turba est;
 Nec ripas datur borendas, nec rauca fluens
 Transportare prius, quād sedibus ossa querunt;
 Centum errant annos, volitantque bīc littora circum;
 Tum demum admissi stagna exupta regnūt.*

It was during this interval between death and the rites of funeral, that they supposed the only time allowed for separate spirits to appear to men; therefore *Patroclos* here tells his friend,

—*To the farther shore
 When once we pass, the soul returns no more.*

For the fuller understanding of Homer, it is necessary to be acquainted with his notion of the state of the soul after death: He followed the philosophy of the *Egyptians*, who supposed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body; the mind they call *Ψυχή*, or *Ψυχη*, the vehicle *σῶμα*, *image* or *soul*, and the gross body *σώματα*. The soul, in which the mind was lodg'd, was supposed exactly to resemble the body in shape, magnitude, and features; for this being in the body, as the statue in its mold, so soon as it goes forth is properly the image of that body in which it was inclosed: This it was that appeared to *Achilles* with the full resemblance of his friend *Patroclos*. *Vid. Diodic's life of Pythagoras*, p. 7.

Hear

Hear then ; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine !

Together have we liv'd, together bred, 105
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed ;
That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.

And is it thou ? (he answers) to my sight
Once more return't thou from the realms of night ? 110
Oh more than brother ! Think each office paid,
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade ;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy !
Afford at least that melancholy joy.

He said, and with his longing arms essay'd 115
In vain to grasp the visionary shade ;

V. 104. *Ab suffer that my bones may rest with thine.*] There is something very pathetical in this whole speech of *Patroclus*; he begins it with kind reproaches, and blames *Achilles* with a friendly tenderness; he recounts to him the inseparable affection that had been between them in their lives, and makes it his last request, that they may not be parted ev'p in death, but that their bones may rest in the same urn. The speech itself is of a due length ; it ought not to be very short, because this apparition is an incident intirely different from any other in the whole poem, and consequently the reader would not have been satisfied with a cursory mention of it ; neither ought it to be long, because this would have been contrary to the nature of such apparitions, whose stay upon earth has ever been described as very short, and consequently they cannot be supposed to use many words.

The circumstance of being buried in the same urn, is intirely conformable to the eastern custom : There are innumerable instances in the scriptures of great personages being buried with their fathers : So *Joseph* would not suffer his bones to rest in *Egypt*, but commands his brethren to carry them into *Canaan*, to the burying-place of his father *Jacob*.

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble lamentable cry.

Confus'd he wakes ; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and starting from the couch,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands.

'Tis true, 'tis certain ; man sh' died, retains
Part of himself ; sh' immortal mind retains :
The form subsists without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade !

120 }

125 }

This

V. 124. *The form subsists, without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade.* }

The words of Homer are,

Ἄταρ φρένες ἔχειν πάμπαν.

In which there seems to be a great difficulty ; it being not easy to explain how *Achilles* can say that the Ghost of his friend had no understanding, when it had but just made such a rational and moving speech ; especially when the poet introduces the apparition with the very shape, air, and voice of *Patreus*.

But this passage will be clearly understood, by explaining the notion which the ancients entertained of the soul of the departed, according to the fore-cited triple division of *mind, image, and body*. They imagined that the soul was not only separated from the body at the hour of death, but that there was a farther separation of the *φρέν*, or understanding, from its *ἴδωλον*, or vehicle ; so that while the *ἴδωλον*, or image of the body was in hell, the *φρέν*, or understanding might be in heaven : And that this is a true explication, is evident from a passage in the *Odyssy*, b. II. v. 600.

Τὸς δὲ μετ', ἐκείνους δίνει, "Πρεσβύτερον
Ἔιδωλον" αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοις θαῦται
Τίμενται οἱ θεόντες, οὐ δέγει παντίνθετον, "πέπτει."

Nex.

This night my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side, a penitive, plaintive ghost;
Evn now familiar, as in life, he came;
Alas, how different! yet how like the same!

Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears; 130
And now the rusty finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons sends a chosen band; 135
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
A charge confign'd to Merion's faithful care.

*Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring spectre of gigantic mold;
A shadowy form! for big in heav'n's abodes
Himself resides, a God among the Gods:
There in the bright assemblies of the skies
He Nectar quaffs, and Habe crowns his joys.*

By this it appears that Homer was of opinion that Hercules was but Matter, while his *ideum*, or image, was in him: so that when this second separation is made, the image or vehicle becomes a mere thoughtless form.

We have this whole doctrine very distinctly delivered by Plutarch in these words: " Man is a compound subject; but not of two parts, as is commonly believed, because the understanding is generally accounted a part of the soul; whereas indeed it as far exceeds the soul, as the soul is diviner than the body. Now the soul, when compounded with the understanding, makes reason; and when compounded with the body, passion: Whereof the one is the source or principle of pleasure or pain, the other of vice or virtue. Man therefore properly dies two deaths; the first death makes him two of three, and the second makes him one of two." Plutarch,
of the soul in the man.

With proper instruments they take the road,
 Axes to cut, and ropes to fling the load.
 First march the heavy mules, securely slow, 140
 O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
 Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
 Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shockt axles bound.

But

V. 141. O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go —

On all sides round the forest burls ber' oaks

Headlong ——————]

The numbers in the original of this whole passage are admirably adapted to the images the verses convey to us. Every ear must have felt the propriety of found in this line,

Πολλὰ δὲ ἄντα, κατάντα, πάρα τοι, δόχμια τὸν οὐρανόν.

The other in its kind is no less exact,

Τέλεσον θειγόμονος, ταὶ δὲ μηγάλα κίνησθας.

Iliad ——————

Dionysius of Halicarnassus has collected many instances of these sorts of beauties in Homer. This description of felling the forests, so excellent as it is, is comprehended in a few lines, which has left room for a larger and more particular one in Sestius, one of the best (I think) in that author.

————— Cadit ardua fagus,
 Chaonianque nemus, brumaque illæsa cupressus;
 Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis;
 Orniisque, iliciisque trabes, metuandaque fulca
 Tarsus, & infundos bell'i potu'rè cruxores
 Fraxinus, atque fin' non expugnabile robur;
 Hisc audax abies, & odoro vulnera pinus
 Scinditur, acclinant intensa cacumina terra
 Alum amico fretis, nec inospita vitibus ulmus, &c.

I the

But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s spreading woods,
 (Fair *Ida*, water'd with descending floods) 145
 Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
 On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks.
 Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
 Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down.
 The wood the *Grecians* cleave, prepar'd to burn; 150
 And the slow mules the same rough road return.
 The sturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
 (Such charge was giv'n 'em) to the sandy shore;
 There on the spot which great *Achilles* show'd,
 They eas'd their shoulders, and dispos'd the load; 155
 Circling around the place, where times to come
 Shall view *Patroclos'* and *Achilles'* tomb.

I the rather cite this fine passage, because I find it copied by two of the greatest poets of our own nation, *Chaucer* and *Spenser*. The first in the *Assembly of Fowls*, the second in his *Fairy Queen*, lib. I.

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspin good for slaves, the cypress funeral,
The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage: The fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh, sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver boime, the maple seldom inward found.

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The hero bids his martial troops appear
 High on their cars is all the pomp of war;
 Each in resplendent arms his limbs attire,
 All mount their chariots, Combattants and Squires.
 The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
 Then clouds of foot that break along the plain;
 Next those the melancholy band appear,
 Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier :
 O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw:
Achilles next, opprest with mighty woe,

Supporting

V. 160. *Mach in resplendent arms, &c.*] It is not to be supposed that this was a general custom used at all funerals; but Patroclus being a warrior, he is buried like a soldier, with military honours. *Eufubius.*

V. 166. *O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw.*]

The ceremony of cutting off the hair in honour of the dead, was practised not only among the Greeks, but also among other nations; thus Statius, *Thebaid* 6.

—*Tergoque & percutit pellum
 Cœfariens ferro militat, scutisque jacillat;
 Omnidem tenitis ora omnis.*

This custom is taken notice of in holy scripture: *Zacharia* describing a great lamentation, says, *They shall make themselves utterly bald for thee*, ch. xxvii. v. 31. I believe it was done not only in token of sorrow, but perhaps had a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return:

I must observe that this ceremony of cutting off the hair was not always in token of sorrow; *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*, v. 976. describing a general lamentation, says,

Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Beads o'er th' extended body of the dead.

Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground 170
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great *Achilles* stands apart in pity'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;

Κρατεὶς δὲ ἀνυπόστατον καλλίμων φέβει.

A length of uniform hair adorn'd their backs.

And that the ancients sometimes had their hair cut off in token of
grief is evident from *Juvencus*, Sat. 22. v. 82.

— Gaudet ibi vertex raso
Garrula fessi narrare pericula nautae.

This seeming contradiction will be solved by having respect to the different practices of different nations. If it was the general custom of any country to wear long hair, then the cutting it off was a token of sorrow; but if it was the custom to wear short hair, then the letting it grow long and neglecting it, shewed that such people were mourners.

V. 168. *Supporting with his hands the hero's head.*] *Achilles* follows the corpse as chief mourner, and sustains the head of his friend: This last circumstance seems to be general; thus *Eurypides* in the funeral of *Rhegas*, v. 886.

Τις ωντὴς αὐτοῦ θύει, οὐδὲν οὐδεναιν.
Τὸν μέδικαν εἰς χειροῖς
Φοράδης πήψει;

What God, O King, with his hands supports the head of the deceased?

Those

Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew, to Sperchius' honour'd flood : 175

Then sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the watry waste.

Sperchius! whose waves in mazy errors lost
Delightful roll along my native coast!

To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return, 180

These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn :

Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,

Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bow'r's

The altars stand, perfum'd with native flow'r's ! 185

So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;

No more Achilles sees his native plain ;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,

Patroclos bears them to the shades below.

V. 175. *And sacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood.]* It was the custom of the ancients not only to offer their own hair, but likewise to consecrate that of their children to the river-gods of their country. This is what Pausanias shews in his *Attics*: Before you pass the Cephisa (says he) you find the tomb of Théodorus, who was the most excellent actor of his time for tragedy; and on the banks you see two statues, one of Mnémosyne, and the other of his son, who cut off his hair in honour of the rivers; for that this was in all ages the custom of the Greeks, may be inferred from Homer's poetry, where Peleus promises by a solemn vow to consecrate to the river Sperchius the hair of his son, if he returns safe from the Trojan war. This custom was likewise in Ægypt, where Philostratus tells us, that Memnon consecrated his hair to the Nile. This practice of Achilles was imitated by Alexander at the funeral of Hephaestion. Spondanus.

Thus

Thus o'er *Patroclus* while the hero pray'd, 190
 On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
 Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
 And now the Sun had set upon their woe;
 But to the King of Men thus spoke the Chief.
 Enough *Atrides*! give the troops relief: 195
 Permit the mourning legions to retire,
 And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
 The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
 He said: The people to their ships return:
 While those deputed to inter the slain, 200
 Heap with a rising pyramid the plain.
 A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
 The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;
 High on the top the manly corse they lay,
 And well fed sheep, and fable oxen slay: 205
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
 And the pil'd victims round the body spread.
 Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
 Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
 Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan: 210
 Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
 Of nine large dogs, domestick at his board,
 Fall two, selected to attend their Lord.
 Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
 Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell. 215

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On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry.

All hail, *Patrebus!* let thy vengeful ghost 220

Hear, and exult on *Patra's* dreary coast.

Behold, *Achilles'* promise fully paid,
Twelve *Trojan* heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on *Hector's* curse attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend. 225

So spake he, threat'ning: But the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:

Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day, 230

And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.

V. 228. *Celestial Venus, &c.*] Homer has here introduced a series of allegories in the compass of a few lines: The body of *Hector* may be supposed to continue beautiful even after he was slain; and *Venus* being the presiding deity of beauty, the Poet by a natural fiction tells us it was preserved by that goddess.

Apollo's covering the body with a cloud is a very natural allegory: For the sun (says *Eustathius*) has a double quality which produces contrary effects; the heat of it causes a dryness, but at the same time it exhales the vapours of the earth, from whence the clouds of heaven are formed. This allegory may be founded upon truth; there might happen to be a cool season while *Hector* lay buried, and *Apollo*, or the sun, raising clouds which intercept the heat of his beams, by a very easy fiction in poetry may be introduced in person to preserve the body of *Hector*.

Nor

Nor sacred *Pbarbus* less employ'd his care;
 He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
 And kept the nerves undry'd, the flesh intire,
 Against the solar beam and *Sirian* fire.

235

Nor yet the pile where dead *Patroclus* lies,
 Smokes, nor as yet the fallen flames arise ;
 But fast beside *Achilles* stood in pray'r,
 Invok'd the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
 And victims promis'd, and libations cast,

240

To gentle *Zephyr* and the *Boreal* blast :
 He call'd th' aerial pow'rs, along the skies
 To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.

The winged *Lis* heard the hero's call,
 And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
 Where, in old *Zephyr*'s open courts on high,
 Sate all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
 She shone amidst them, on her painted bow ;
 The rocky pavement glitter'd with the snow.
 All from the banquet rise, and each invites

245

The various Goddess to partake the rites.
 Not so (the dame reply'd) I hafte to go
 To sacred Ocean, and the floods below :
 Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
 And heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,

250

With righteous *Aethiops* (uncorrupt train !)
 Far on th' extremeist limits of the main.

255

But Peleus' son intreats, with sacrifice,
 The Western Spirit, and the North to rise;
 Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n,
 And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view;
 Swift as the word the winds tumultuous flew;

260

V. 263. *The allegory of the winds.*] A poet ought to express nothing vulgarly; and sure no poet ever trespassed less against this rule than Homer; the fruitfulness of his invention is continually raising incidents new and surprising. Take this passage out of its poetical drefs, and it will be no more than this: A strong gale of wind blew, and so increased the flame; that it soon consumed the pile. But Homer introduces the Gods of the winds in person: And *Iris*, or the rainbow, being (as *Eustathius* observes) a sign not only of showers, but of winds, he makes them come at her summons.

Every circumstance is well adapted: As soon as the winds see *Iris*, they rise; that is, when the rainbow appears, the wind rises: She refuses to sit, and immediately returns; that is, the rainbow is never seen long at one time, but soon appears, and soon vanishes: She returns over the ocean; that is, the bow is composed of waters, and it would have been an unnatural fiction to have described her as passing by land.

The winds are all together in the cave of *Zephyrus*, which may imply that they were there as at their general rendezvous; or that the nature of all the winds is the same; or that the western wind is in that country the most constant, and consequently it may be said, that at such seasons all the winds are assembled in one corner, or rendezvous with *Zephyrus*.

Iris will not enter the cave: It is the nature of the rainbow to be stretch'd intirely upon the surface, and therefore this fiction is agreeable to reason.

When *Iris* says that the Gods are partaking hecatombs in *Aethiopia*, it is to be remembered that the Gods are represented there in the first book, before the scenes of war were opened; and now they are closed, they return thither. *Eustathius*. — Thus Homer makes the anger of his hero so important, that it rous'd heaven to arms, and now when it is almost appeased, *Achilles* as it were gives peace to the Gods.

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 69

Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss before. 265

To the wide-main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in watry mountains rise :
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires, 270
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires.

All night *Achilles* hails *Patreclus*' soul,
With large libation from the golden bowl.
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son, 275
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, e'er yet they close the urn :
So stay'd *Achilles*, circling round the fhore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.

'Twas when, emerging thro' the shades of night, 280
The morning planet told th' approach of light ;
And fast behind, *Aurora*'s warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day :
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd : 285
Across the *Thracian* seas their course they bore ;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.

Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,

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Exhausted with his grief : Meanwhile the crowd 290

Of thronging Grecians round *Achilles* stood ;

'The tumult wak'd him : From his eyes he shok
Unwilling slumber, and the chiefs bespake.

Ye Kings and Princes of th' *Achaian* name !

First let us quench the yet remaining flame 295

With fable wine ; then (as the rites direct)

The hero's bones with careful view select :

(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,

Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye :

The rest around the margins will be seen,

Promiscuous, steeds, and immolated men)

These wrapt in double cauls of fat, prepare ;

And in the golden vase dispose with care ;

There let them rest with decent honour laid,

Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.

305

Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,

A common structure on the humble banks ;

Hereafter *Greece* some nobler work may raise,

And late posterity record our praise.

The Greeks obey ; where yet the embers glow

310

Wide o'er the pile the fable wine they throw,

And deep subsides the ashy heap below.

V. 308. *Hereafter Greece a nobler pile shall raise.*] We see how *Achilles* consults his own glory ; the desire of it prevails over his tenderness for *Patroclus*, and he will not permit any man, not even his beloved *Patroclus*, to share an equality of honour with himself, even in the grave. *Eustathius.*

Next

Next the white bones his sad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vase.

The sacred reliks to the tent they bore; 345
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.

That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre.
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead. 359

The swarming populace the Chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains.

V. 321. *The games for Patroclus.*] The conduct of Homer in introducing upon the games at the funeral of *Patroclus* is very judicious; There had undoubtedly been such honours paid to several heroes during this war, as appears from a passage in the ninth book, where *Agamemnon* to enhance the value of the horses which he offers *Achilles*, says, that any person would be rich that had treasures equal to the value of the prizes they had won; which races must have been run during the siege: For had they been before it, the horses would now have been too old to be of any value, this being the tenth year of the war. But the poet passes all these games over in silence, and reserves them for this season; not only in honour of *Patroclus*, but also of his hero *Achilles*; who exhibits games to a whole army; great generals are candidates for the prizes, and he himself sits the judge and arbiter: This is peace as well as war the poet maintains the superiority of the character of *Achilles*.

But there is another reason why the poet deferred to relate any games that were exhibited at any preceding funerals: The death of *Patroclus* was the most eminent period; and consequently the most proper time for such games.

It is farther observable, that he chuses this peculiar time with great judgment. When the fury of the war rag'd, the army could not well have found leisure for the games, and they might have met with interruption from the enemy: But *Hector* being dead, all Troy was in confusion: They are in too great a consternation to make any attempts, and therefore the poet could not possibly have chosen a more happy opportunity. *Eustathius.*

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There plac'd 'em round : Then from the ships proceeds
 A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
 Vases and Tripods, for the fun'ral games, 325
 Resplendent bras, and more resplendent dames.
 First stood the prizes to reward the force
 Of rapid racers in the dusty course.

A woman for the first; in beauty's bloom,
 Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom ; 330
 And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
 Of twenty measures its spacious size.

The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
 Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke ;
 The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame ; 335
 Four ample measures held the shining frame :
 Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd ;
 An ample double bowl contents the last.

These in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
 The hero, rising, thus address't the train. 340

Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks ! decreed
 To the brave rulers of the racing steed ;
 Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
 Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
 (A race unrival'd, which from Ocean's God 345
 Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd.)
 But this no time our vigour to display,
 Nor suit, with them, the games of this sad day :

- Loft is *Patroclus* now, that wont to deck
 Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck. 350
 Sad, as they shar'd in human grief, they stand,
 And trail those graceful honours on the sand !
 Let others for the noble task prepare,
 Who trust the courser, and the flying car.
 Fir'd at his word, the rival racers rise ; 355
 But far the first, *Eumeus* hopes the prize,
 Fam'd thro' *Pieria* for the fleetest breed,
 And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
 With equal ardour bold *Tydius* swell'd
 The steeds of *Tros* beneath his yoke compell'd, 360
 (Which late obey'd the *Dardan* chief's command,
 When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand.)
 Then *Menelaüs* his *Podargus* brings,
 And the fam'd courser of the King of Kings :

V. 349. *Loft is Patroclus now, &c.*] I am not ignorant that *Homer* has frequently been blamed for such little digressions as these; in this passage he gives us the genealogy of his horses, which he has frequently told us in the preceding part of the poem. But *Eustathius* justifies his conduct, and says that it was very proper to commend the virtue of these horses upon this occasion, when horses were to contend for victory: At the same time he takes an opportunity to make an honourable mention of his friend *Patroclus*, in whose honour these games were exhibited.

It may be added as a farther justification of *Homer*, that this last circumstance is very natural; *Achilles*, while he commends his horses, remembers how careful *Patroclus* had been of them: His love for his friend is so great, that the minutest circumstance recalls him to his mind; and such little digressions, such avocations of thought as these, very naturally proceed from the overflows of love and sorrow.

74 HOMER's ILIAD. Book XXII.

Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave) 365

To 'scape the war, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æte her name) at home to end his days,
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise:

Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and chears his Pylian horse. 370

Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;

Nor

V. 365. *Whom rich Echepolus, &c.*] One would think that Agamemnon might be accused of avarice, in dispensing with a man from going to the war for the sake of a horse; but Aristotle very well observes, that this prince is praise-worthy for having preferred a horse to a person so cowardly, and so uncapable of service. It may be also conjectur'd from this passage, that even in those elder times it was the custom, that those who were willing to be excus'd from the war, should give either a horse or man, and often both. Thus Scipio going to Africa, ordered the Sicilians either to attend him, or to give him horses or men: And Agesilaus being at Ephesus, and wanting cavalry, made a proclamation, that the rich men who would not serve in the war should be dispensed with, provided they furnished a man and a horse in their stead: In which, says Plutarch, he wisely followed the example of king Agamemnon, who excus'd a very rich coward from serving in person, for a present of a good mare. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

V. 371. *Experienc'd Nestor, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of paying honour to his old favourite Nestor, and I think he is no where more particularly complimented than in this book. His age had disabled him from bearing any share in the games; and yet he artfully introduces him not as a mere spectator, but as an actor in the sports. Thus he as it were wins the prize for Antilochus; Antilochus wins not by the swiftness of his horses, but by the wisdom of Nestor.

This fatherly tenderness is wonderfully natural: We see him in all imaginable inquietude and concern for his son; he comes to the barrier, stands beside the chariot, animates his son by his praises, and directs him by his lessons: You think the old man's soul mounts on the chariot with his Antilochus, to partake the same dangers, and run the same career.

Nothing

Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears.

My son, tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast, 375
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have blest.

Neptune and *Jove* on thee conferr'd the skill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.

To guide thy conduct, little precept needs ;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds. 380

Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known,
Compare those rivals judgment, and thy own :

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise ;

'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous strokes, 385
The dextrous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks ;

By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempest, steers the fearless ship ;

And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those, who trust in chariots, and in horse. 390

In vain unskilful to the goal they strive,
And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive :

While with sure skill, tho' with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds ;

Nothing can be better adapted to the character than this speech ;
he expatiates upon the advantages of wisdom over strength, which
is a tacit compliment to himself : And had there been a prize for
wisdom, undoubtedly the old man would have claimed it as his right.
Eustathius.

76 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXIII.

- Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course, 395
 His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
 And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
 Observing still the foremost on the plain.
 Mark then the goal, 'tis easy to be found ;
 Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground ; 400
 Of some once stately oak the last remains,
 Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains,
 Inclos'd with stones conspicuous from afar,
 And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
 (Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace ; 405
 Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
 Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
 A little bending to the left-hand steed ;
 But urge the right, and give him all the reins ;
 While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains, 410
 And turns him short ; 'till, doubling as they roll,
 The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal.
 Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse)
 Clear of the stony heap direct the course ;
 Left thro' incaution failing, thou mayst be 415
 A joy to others, a reproach to me.
 So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
 And leave unskilful swiftness far behind ;
 'Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
 Which bore *Adrastus*, of celestial breed ; 420
 Or

Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud *Laomedon*.

Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes ; then fate, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold *Meriones* was seen to rise, 425

The last, but not least ardent for the prize.

They mount their seats ; the lots their place dispose ;

(Roll'd in his helmet, these *Achilles* throws.)

V. 427. *The lots their place dispose.*] According to these lots the charioteers took their places ; but to know whether they stood all in an equal front, or one behind another, is a difficulty : *Eustathius* says the ancients were of opinion that they did not stand in one front ; because it is evident that he who had the first lot, had a great advantage of the other charioteers ? If he had not, why should *Achilles* cast lots ? Madam *Dacier* is of opinion that they all stood a-breast at the barrier, and that the first would still have a sufficient advantage, as he was nearer the bound, and stood within the rest ; whereas the others must take a larger compass of ground. *Phœnix* was plac'd as an inspector of the race, that is, says *Eustathius*, he was to make report whether they had observed the laws of the race in their several turnings.

Sophocles observes the same method with *Homer* in relation to the lots and inspectors, in his *Electra*.

—————Οἱ τιταγμένοι βραβεῖς
Κλήροις ἵπηλαι καὶ κατίσπον διφέρον.

The constituted judges assign'd the places according to the lots.

The ancients say that the charioteers started at the *Sigæum*, where the ships of *Achilles* lay, and ran towards the *Rhaeum*, from the ships towards the shores. But *Ariobarbus* affirmed that they run in the compass of ground five *stadia*, which lay between the wall and the tents towards the shore. *Eustathius*.

Young *Nestor* leads the race : *Eumeus* then ;
 And next the brother of the King of men : 430
 Thy lot, *Meriones*, the fourth was cast ;
 And far the bravest, *Diomed*, was last.
 They stand in order an impatient train ;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
 And sends before old *Pheanix* to the place, 435
 To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
 At once the coursers from the barrier bound ;
 The lifted scourges all at once resound ;
 Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before ;
 And up the champain thunder from the shore : 440
 Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
 And the lost courier in the whirlwind flies ;
 Loos'd on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
 Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind :
 The smoaking chariots, rapid as they bound, 445
 Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground.
 While hot for fame, and conquest all their care,
 (Each o'er his flying courser hung in air)
 Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
 They pant, they stretch, they shoot along the plain. 450
 Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
 At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
 Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
 Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'r'd the main.

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 79

First flew *Eumeles* on *Pheretrian* steeds ; 455
 With those of *Tros*, bold *Diomed* succeeds :
 Close on *Eumeles'* back they puff the wind,
 And seem just mounting on his car behind ;
 Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
 And hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees. 460
 Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize ;
 But angry *Phæbus* to *Tydides* flies,
 Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
 His matchless horses labour on the plain.
 Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey, 465
 Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.

V. 458. *And seem just mounting on his car behind.*] A more natural image than this could not be thought of. The poet makes us spectators of the race, we see *Diomed* pressing upon *Eumeles* so closely, that his chariot seems to climb the chariot of *Eumeles*.

V. 465. *Rage fills his eye with anguish to survey, &c.*] We have seen *Diomed* surrounded with innumerable dangers acting in the most perilous scenes of blood and death, yet never shed one tear : And now he weeps on a small occasion, for a mere trifle : This must be ascribed to the nature of mankind, who are often transported with trifles ; and there are certain unguarded moments in every man's life ; so that he who could meet the greatest dangers with intrepidity, may thro' anger be betrayed into an Indecency. *Eustathius*.

The reason why *Apollo* is angry at *Diomed*, according to *Eustathius*, is because he was interested for *Eumeles*, whose mares he had fed, when he served *Admetus* ; but I fancy he is under a mistake : This indeed is a reason why he should favour *Eumeles*, but not why he should be angry at *Diomed*. I rather think that the quarrel of *Apollo* with *Diomed* was personal ; because he offered him a violence in the fifth book, and *Apollo* still resents it.

The fiction of *Minerva*'s afflicting *Diomed* is grounded upon his being so wise as to take a couple of whips to prevent any mischance : So that *Wisdom*, or *Pallas*, may be said to lend him one. *Eustathius*.

The fraud celestial *Pallas* fees with pain,
 Springs to her Knight, and gives the scourge again,
 And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
 She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke; 470
 No more their way the startled horses held;
 The car rever'd came rattling on the field;
 Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
 Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
 His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground; 475
 Nose, mouth and front, one undistinguish'd wound:
 Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
 Before him far the glad *Tyrides* flies;
 Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
 And crowns him victor of the labour'd race. 480

The next, tho' distant, *Menelaus* succeeds;
 While thus young *Nestor* animates his steeds.
 Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
 Not that we hope to match *Tyrides'* horse,
 Since great *Minerva* wings their rapid way, 485
 And gives their Lord the honours of the day.

V. 483. *The speech of Antilochus to his horses.*] I fear *Antilochus* his speech to his horses is blameable; *Eustathius* himself seems to think it a fault that he should speak so much in the very heat of the race. He commands and sooths, counsels and threatens his horses, as if they were reasonable creatures. The subsequent speech of *Menelaus* is more excusable as it is more short, but both of them are spoken in a passion, and anger we know makes us speak to every thing, and we discharge it upon the most senseless objects.

But

But reach *Atrides!* shall his mare out-go
 Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
 Thro' your neglect, if lagging on the plain
 The last ignoble gift be all we gain; 490
 No more shall *Nestor's* hand your food supply,
 The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
 Haste then; you' narrow road before your fight
 Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.

Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat 495
 With quicker steps the sounding champain beat.
 And now *Antilochus* with nice survey,
 Observes the compass of the hollow way.
 'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
 Fast by the road a precipice was worn: 500
 Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng
 The *Spartan* hero's chariot smoak'd along.
 Close up the vent'rous youth resolves to keep,
 Still edging near, and bears him tow'r'd the steep.
Atrides, trembling casts his eye below, 505
 And wonders at the rashness of his foe.
 Hold, stay your steeds—What madnes thus to ride
 This narrow way; Take larger field (he cry'd)
 Or both must fall—*Atrides* cry'd in vain;
 He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein. 510
 Far as an able arm the disk can send,
 When youthful rivals their full force extend,

So far, *Antilochus!* thy chariot flew
 Before the King: He, cautious, backward drew
 His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears 515
 The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
 The flound'ring coursers rolling on the plain,
 And conquest lost thro' frantic haste to gain.
 But thus upbraids his rival as he flies;
 Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwise! 520
 Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign:
 Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine ——
 Then to his steeds with all his force he cries;
 Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
 Your rivals, destitute of youthful force, 525
 With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
 And yield the glory yours — The steeds obey;
 Already at their heels they wing their way,
 And seem already to retrieve the day.

}

Meantime the *Grecians* in a ring beheld 530
 The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
 The first who mark'd them was the *Cretan* King:
 High on a rising ground, above the ring,
 The Monarch sat: from whence with sure survey
 He well observ'd the chief who led the way, 535
 And heard from far his animating cries,
 And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;

On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.

He saw: and rising, to the Greeks begun. 540

Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?

Or can ye, all, another chief survey,

And other steeds, than lately led the way?

Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God with-held,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:

545

For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.

Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,

Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray 550
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.

Rise then some other, and inform my sight,
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right)

Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)

The great *Aetolian* chief, renown'd in war. 555

Old man! (*Oileus* saith thus replies)

Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.

Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.

Eumeus' steeds high-bounding in the chace, 560

Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:

I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,

And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

Thus

8. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. Book XXIII.

'Thus he. *Idomeneus* incens'd rejoin'd.

Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!

565

Contentious Prince, of all the Greeks beside

The last in merit, as the first in pride.

To vile reproach what answer can we make?

A Goblet or a Tripod let us stake,

And be the King the Judge. The most unwise

570

Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.

V. 565. *The dispute between Idomeneus and Ajax.*] Nothing could be more naturally imagined than this contention at a horse-race: The leaders were divided into parties, and each was interested for his friend: The poet had a two-fold design, not only to embellish and diversify his poem by such natural circumstances, but also to shew us, as *Eustathius* observes, from the conduct of *Ajax*, that passionate men betray themselves into follies, and are themselves guilty of the faults of which they accuse others.

It is with a particular decency that Homer makes *Achilles* the arbitrator between *Idomeneus* and *Ajax*: *Agamemnon* was his superior in the army, but as *Achilles* exhibited the shows, he was the proper judge of any difference that should arise about them. Had the contest been between *Ajax* and *Idomeneus*, considered as soldiers, the cause must have been brought before *Agamemnon*; but as they are to be considered as spectators of the games, they ought to be determined by *Achilles*.

It may not be unnecessary just to observe to the reader the judgment of Homer's conduct in making *Achilles* exhibit the games, and not *Agamemnon*: *Achilles* is the hero of the poem, and consequently must be the chief actor in all the great scenes of it: He had remain'd inactive during a great part of the poem, yet the poet makes his very inactivity contribute to the carrying on the design of his *Ilias*: And to supply his absence from many of the busy scenes of the preceding parts of it, he now in the conclusion makes him almost the sole agent: By these means he leaves a noble idea of his hero upon the mind of his reader; as he raised our expectations when he brought him upon the stage of action, so he makes him go off with the utmost pomp and applause.

He

He said : And *Ajax* by mad passion born,
Stern had reply'd ; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extrems. But *Thetis'* godlike son
Awful amidst them rose, and thus begun.

575

Forbear, ye chiefs ! reproachful to contend ;
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend :

{

And lo ! th' approaching steeds your contest end.

No sooner had he spoke, but thund'ring near,

580

Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer ;

High o'er his head the circling lash he wields ;

His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields :

His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,

Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,

Refulgent thro' the cloud : no eye could find

585

The track his flying wheels had left behind :

And the fierce coursers urg'd their rapid pace

So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.

Now victor at the goal *Tyatides* stands,

Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands ;

590

V. 581. *High o'er his head the circling lash he wields.*] I am persuaded that the common translation of the word Καλυμαδός, in the original of this verse, is faulty ; it is rendered, *be lash'd the borcs continually over the shoulders* ; whereas I fancy it should be translated thus, *affidūs (equos) agitabat scutica ab humero ducta*. This naturally expresses the very action, and whirl of the whip over the driver's shoulder, in the act of lashing the horses, and agrees with the use of the same word in the 431st line of this book, where Ἰψα δίκουα καλυμαδός must be translated *jactus disi ab humero vibrati*.

From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
 The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
 With joy brave *Sthenelus* receives the prize,
 The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
 These to the ships his train triumphant leads, 595
 The chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young *Nestor* follows (who by art, not force,
 O'er-past *Atrides*) second in the course.

Behind, *Atrides* urg'd the race, more near
 Than to the courser in his swift career 600
 The following car, just touching with his heel
 And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel.
 Such, and so narrow now the space between
 The rivals, late so distant on the green;
 So soon swift *Achilles* her lost ground regain'd, 605
 One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.

Merion pursu'd, at greater distance still,
 With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.

Last came, *Admetus*! thy unhappy son;
 Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on :
Achilles faw, and pitying thus begun.

Behold ! the man whose matchless art surpast
 The sons of Greece ! the ablest, yet the last !

Fortune

Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
 (Since great *Tyndes* bears the first away)
 To him the second honours of the day.

615



The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
 And then *Eumelus* had receiv'd the prize,
 But youthful *Nestor*, jealous of his fame,
 Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim. 620
 Think not (he cries) I tamely will resign
 O *Peleus'* son ! the mare so justly mine.
 What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
 Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground ?
 Perhaps he sought not heav'n by sacrifice, 625
 And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
 If yet, (distinction to thy friend to shew,
 And please a foul definis to bestow,)
 Some gift must grace *Eumelus*; view thy store
 Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore, 630
 An ample present let him thence receive,
 And *Greece* shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.

V. 614. *Fortune denies, but justice, &c.*] *Achilles* here intends to shew, that it is not just, fortune should rule over virtue, but that a brave man who had performed his duty, and who did not bring upon himself his misfortune, ought to have the recompence he has deserved : And this principle is just, provided we do not reward him at the expence of another's right: *Eumelus* is a *Thebalian*, and it is probable *Achilles* has a partiality to his countrymen. *Dacier*.

But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.

Thus spake the youth; nor did his words offend; 635
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles smil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we shall ourself provide.

With plates of brafs the corselet cover'd o'er,
(The same renown'd *Asteropaeus* wore) 640
Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine,
(No vulgar gift) *Eumeius* shall be thine.

He said: *Automedon* at his command
The corselet brought, and gave it to his hand.

Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows 645
With gen'rous joy: Then *Menelaus* rose;
The herald plac'd the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.

Not without cause incens'd at *Nestor*'s son,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun: 650

V. 633. *But this, my prize, I never shall forego.*—] There is an air of bravery in this discourse of *Antilochus*: He speaks with the generosity of a gallant soldier, and prefers his honour to his interest; he tells *Achilles* if he pleases he may make *Eumeius* a richer present than his prize; he is not concerned for the value of it; but as it was the reward of victory, he would not resign it, because that would be an acknowledgement that *Eumeius* deserved it.

The character of *Antilochus* is admirably sustained through this whole episode; he is a very sensible man, but transported with youthful heat, and ambitious of glory: His rashness in driving so furiously against *Menelaus* must be imputed to this, but his passions being gratify'd by the conquest in the race, his reason again returns, he owns his error, and is full of resignation to *Menelaus*.

The

- The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
 An act so rash (*Antilochus*) has stain'd.
 Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
 To you, O *Gracians*! be my wrong declar'd:
 So not a leader shall our conduct blame, 655
 Or judge me envious of a rival's fame;
 But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
 What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
 What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise,
 And vindicate by oath th' ill gotten prize. 660
 Rise if thou dar'st, before thy chariot stand,
 The driving scourge high-lifted in thy hand,
 And touch thy steeds, and swear, thy whole intent
 Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
 Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround 665
 The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.
 The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
 Then mildly thus: Excuse, if youth have err'd;
 Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
 Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense. 670

V. 663. *And touch thy steeds, and swear*——] 'Tis evident, says *Eustathius*, from hence, that all fraud was forbid in the chariot race; but it is not very plain what unlawful deceit *Antilochus* used against *Menelaus*: Perhaps *Antilochus* in his haste had declined from the race-ground, and avoided some of the uneven places of it, and consequently took an unfair advantage of his adversary; or perhaps his driving so furiously against *Menelaus*, as to endanger both their chariots and their lives, might be reckoned fool play; and therefore *Antilochus* refuses to take the oath.

Then

90 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXIII.

Thou know'ft the errors of unripen'd age,
 Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.
 The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign ;
 The Mare, or ought thou ask'ft, be freely thine,
 E'er I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
 Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.

575

So spake *Antilochus* ; and at the word
 The Mare contested to the King restor'd.
 Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain
 Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
 The fields their vegetable life renew,
 And laugh and glitter with the morning dew ;
 Such Joy the *Spartan*'s shining face o'er-spread
 And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said.

680

Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth ! agree ;
 'Tis now *Atrides*' turn to yield to thee.
 Rash heat perhaps a moment might controul,
 Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.

685

V. 679. *Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain, &c.*] *Exstasi* is very large in the explication of this similitude, which at the first view seems obscure : His words are these :

As the dew raises the blades of corn, that are for want of it weak and depressed, and by pervading the pores of the corn animates and makes it flourish, so did the behaviour of *Antilochus* raise the dejected mind of *Menelaus*, exalt his spirits, and restore him to a full Satisfaction.

I have given the reader his interpretation, and translated it with the liberty of poetry : It is very much in the language of Scripture, and in the spirit of the Orientals.

Not

Not but (my friend) 'tis still the wiser way
 To wave contention with superior sway; 690

For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
 Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?

To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
 Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:

Gen'rous alike, for me, the fire and son 695
 Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.

I yield; that all may know, my soul can bend,
 Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.

He said; and pleas'd his passion to command,
 Resign'd the courser to Noëman's hand, 700

Friend of the youthful chief: Himself content,
 The shining charger to his vessel sent.

The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
 The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.

Achilles this to rev'rend *Nestor* bears, 705
 And thus the purpose of his gift declares.

Accept thou this, O sacred fire! (he said)
 In dear memorial of *Patreclus* dead;

Dead,

V. 707. *Accept thou this, O sacred fire!*] The poet in my opinion preserves a great deal of decency towards this old hero and venerable counsellor: He gives him an honorary reward for his superior wisdom, and therefore *Achilles* calls it $\alpha\thetaλον$, and not $\deltaωρ$, a prize; and not a present. The moral of Homer is, that princes ought no less to honour and recompence those who excel in wisdom and counsel, than those who are capable of actual service.

Achilles,

Dead, and for ever lost *Patroclus* lies,
 For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes! 710
 'Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
 Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the distant dart,
 The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
 Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field.
 Thy present vigour age has overthrown,
 But left the glory of the past thy own. 715

He said, and plac'd the goblet at his side;
 With joy, the venerable King reply'd.

Wise and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
 A senior honour'd, and a friend belov'd! 720

Too

Achilles, perhaps, had a double view in paying him this respect, not only out of deference to his age, and wisdom, but also because he had in a manner won the prize by the advice he gave his son; so that *Nestor* may be said to have conquered in the person of *Antilochus*. *Eustathius*.

V. 719. *Nestor's speech to Achilles.*] This speech is admirably well adapted to the character of *Nestor*: He aggrandizes, with an infirmity peculiar to age, his own exploits; and one would think *Horace* had him in his eye,

————— *Laudatur temporis aet*e**
Se puer —————

Neither is it any blemish to the character of *Nestor* thus to be a little talkative about his own achievements: To have described him otherwise, would have been an outrage to human nature, in as much as the wisest man living is not free from the infirmities of man; and as every stage of life has some imperfection peculiar to itself.

————— "Ο μὴ εἴμασθον ημόχειν.
 ————— "Είμασθον ημόχειν.

The

Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
 These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
 Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
 Known thro' *Buprætum* and the *Pylian* shore!
 Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game, 725
 Ordain'd to *Aniarynce's* mighty name;
 The brave *Epeians* gave my glory way,
Aetolians, *Pylians*, all resign'd the day,

The reader may observe that the old man takes abundance of pains to give reasons how his rivals came to be victors in the chariot-race; He is very solicitous to make it appear that it was not thro' any want of skill or power in himself: And in my opinion *Nestor* is never more vain-glorious than in this recital of his own disappointment.

It is for the same reason he repeats the words I have cited above: He obtrudes (by that repetition) the disadvantages under which he laboured, upon the observation of the reader, for fear he should impute the loss of the victory to his want of skill.

Nestor says that these *Moliones* overpowered him by their *number*. The criticks, as *Eustathius* remarks, have laboured hard to explain this difficulty; they tell us a formal story, that when *Nestor* was ready to enter the lists against these brothers, he objected against them as unfair adversaries, (for it must be remembred that they were monsters that grew together, and consequently had four hands to *Nestor's* two) but the judges would not allow his plea, but determin'd that as they grew together, so they ought to be consider'd as one man.

Others tell us that they brought several chariots into the lists, whose charioeteers combined together in favour of *Eurytus*, and *Ceatus*, these brother-monsters.

Others say, that the multitude of spectators conspired to disappoint *Nestor*.

I thought it necessary to give my reader these several conjectures that he might understand why *Nestor* says he was overpowered by *Hλησθες*, or *numbers*; and also, because it confirms my former observation, that *Nestor* is very careful to draw his own picture in the strongest colours, and to shew it in the fairest light.

I quell'd

- I quell'd *Clytomedes* in fights of hand,
 And backward hurl'd *Ancæus* on the sand, 730
 Surpast *Ipyclus* in the swift career,
Phyleus and *Polydorus*, with the spear.
 The sons of *Astor* won the prize of horse,
 But won by numbers, not by art or force:
 For the fam'd twins, impatient to survey, 735
 Prize after prize by *Nestor* born away,
 Sprung to their car; and with united pains
 One lash'd the coursers, while one rul'd the reins.
 Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
 A younger race, that emulate our deeds: 740
 I yield alas! (to age who must not yield?)
 Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
 Go thou! my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
 With martial honours decorate the dead;
 While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present, 745
 (Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
 Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to see
 Not one but honours sacred age and me:
 Those due distinctions thou so well can't pay,
 May the just Gods return another day. 750
 Proud of the Gift, thus spake the Full of Daye:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
 The prizes next are ordered to the field,
 For the bold champions who the *Gordos* wield.

A stately

A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the *Circus* led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large and round.

Aeclilles rising thus: Let *Greece* excite
Two equal heroes to this hardy fight; 755
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long descending stroke?
On whom *Apollo* shall the palm bestow,
And whom the *Greeks* supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labours shall repay; 765
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.

This dreadful combate great *Epeius* chose,
High o'er the croud, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away! 770
(Price of his ruin :) For who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 'tis own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe 775
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcase off the plain. 780

The

The Giant spoke ; and in a stupid gaze
 The host beheld him, silent with amaze !
 'Twas thou, *Euryalus* ! who durst aspire
 To meet his might, and emulate thy fire,
 The great *Meleagrus* ; who in days of yore
 In Theban games the noblest trophy bore,
 (The games ordain'd dead *Oedipus* to grace)
 And singly vanquish'd the *Cadmean* race.

Him great *Tyndarus* urges to contend,
 Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend,
 Officious with the cincture girds him round ;
 And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
 Amid the circle now each champion stands,
 And poises high in air his iron hands ;
 With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
 Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,

And painful sweat from all their members flows.

At length *Epeus* dealt a weighty blow,

Fall on the cheek of his unwary foe ;

Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway

Down dropt he, nerveless, and extended lay.

As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,

By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,

Lies panting : Not less batter'd with his wound,

The bleeding hero pants upon the ground,

785

790

795

800

805

To rear his fallen foe, the victor lends
 Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
 Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng,
 And dragging his disabled legs along;
 Nodding, his head hangs down his shoulder o'er; 810
 His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
 Wrapt round in mists he lies, and lost to thoughts,
 His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.

The third bold game *Achilles* next demands,
 And calls the Wrestlers to the level sands: 815
 A massy Tripod for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price;
 And next, the losers spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valu'd but at four.
 Scarce did the chief the vig'rous strife propose, 820
 When tow'r-like *Ajax* and *Ulysses* rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit hands:

V. 819. *A female captive, valu'd but at four.*] I cannot in civility neglect a remark made upon this passage by Madam Dacier, who highly resents the affront put upon her Sex by the ancients, who set (it seems) thrice the value upon a *Tripod* as upon a beautiful female slave: Nay, she is afraid the value of women is not raised even in our days; for she says there are curious persons now living, who had rather have a true antique kettle, than the finest woman alive: I confess I intirely agree with the lady, and must impute such opinions of the fair sex to want of taste in both ancients and moderns: The reader may remember that these tripods were of no use, but made intirely for show; and consequently the most satirical critick could only say, the Woman and *Tripod* ought to have born an equal value.

98 HOMER'S *ILIADE*. Book XXIII.

Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;

Below, their planted feet at distance fixt:

825

Like two strong rafters which the builder forms

Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,

Their tops connected, but at wider space

Fixt on the centre stands their solid base.

Now to the grasp each manly body bends;

830

The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;

Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.

Nor could *Ulysses*, for his art renown'd,

O'erturn the strength of *Ajax* on the ground;

835

Nor could the strength of *Ajax* overthrow

The watchful caution of his artful foe.

While the long strife ev'n tir'd the lookers on,

Thus to *Ulysses* spoke great *Telamon*.

Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:

840

Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.

He said; and straining, heav'd him off the ground

With matchless strength; that time *Ulysses* found

V. 826. *Like two strong rafters, &c.*] I will give the reader the words of *Eustathius* upon this similitude, which very happily represents the wrestlers in the posture of wrestling. Their heads leaned one against the other, like the rafters that support the roof of a house; at the foot they are disjoined, and stand at a greater distance, which naturally paints the attitude of body in these two wrestlers, while they contend for victory.

The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
 His ankle strook : The Giant fell supine ; 845
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies,
 Shouts of applause run ratt'ling thro' the skies.
Ajax to lift, *Ulysses* next essayes,
 He barely stir'd him, but he could not raise :
 His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt deny'd ; 850
 And grappling close, they tumbled side by side.
 Defil'd with honourable dust, they roll
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdu'd of soul :
 Again they rage, again to combat rise ;
 When great *Acilles* thus divides the prize. 855
 Your nobler vigour, oh my friends, restrain ;
 Nor weary out your generous strength in vain,
 Ye both have won : Let others who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.

V. 849. *He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise.*] The poet by this circumstance excellently maintains the character of *Ajax*, who has all along been described as a strong, unwieldy warrior : He is so heavy, that *Ulysses* can scarce lift him. The words that follow will bear a different meaning, either that *Ajax* locked his leg within that of *Ulysses*, or that *Ulysses* did it. *Eustathius* observes, that if *Ajax* gave *Ulysses* this shock, then he may be allowed to have some appearance of an equality in the contest; but if *Ulysses* gave it, then *Ajax* must be acknowledged to have been foiled : But (continues he) it appeared to be otherwise to *Acilles*, who was the judge of the field, and therefore he gives them an equal prize, because they were equal in the contest.

Madam *Dacier* misrepresents *Eustathius* on this place, in saying he thinks it was *Ulysses* who gave the second stroke to *Ajax*, whereas it appears by the foregoing note that he rather determines otherwise in consent with the judgment given by *Acilles*.

The hero's words the willing chiefs obey, 36e
From their tir'd hosties wipe the daft away,
And, cloath'd anew, the following games survey.
And now succeed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd :
Sidonian artifices taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine ;
Whence *Tyrian* sailors did the prize transpost,
And gave to *Thoas* at the *Lamian* port :
From him descended good *Eurymedon*'s heir'd
The glorious gift ; and, for *Lycassus* spar'd,
To brave *Patreclus* gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prime of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed Ox was for the second plac'd ;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train :
Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain. 375
The hero laid, and starting from his place,
Oilean Ajax rises to the race ;
Ulysses next ; and he whose speed surpast
His youthful equals, *Nestor*'s son the last.

Ramp'd

BOOK XXIII. HOMER'S 'ILIA.D. 101

Rang'd in a line the ready racers stand; 885
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All start at once; *Oileus* led the race;
The next *Ulysses* mead'ring pace with pass;
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely following as the running thread 890
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's break, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his soe he plies,
And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays! 895
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise,
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to *Athena* lift his soul: 900
Affit, O Goddess! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And present at his thought, descends the Maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.

V. 901. *Affit, O Goddess!* [thus it's thought he pray'd.] Nothing could be better adapted to the present circumstances of *Ulysses* than this prayer: It is short, and ought to be so, because the time would not allow him to make a longer: nay he prefers this petition mentally, ὡς νατὰ θυμὸν; all his faculties are so bent upon the race, that he does not call off his attention from it, even to speak so short a petition as seven words, which comprehend the whole of it: Such passages as these are instances of great judgment in the poet.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain, 905

Unhappy *Ajax* stumbles on the plain;

(O'erturn'd by *Pallas*) where the slipp'ry shore

Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore.

(The self-same place beside *Patroclus'* pyre,

Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire)

Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay;

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shar'd,

And left the urn *Ulysses'* rich reward.

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,

The baffled hero thus the Greeks address't.

Accursed fate! the conquest I forego;

A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe;

She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,

And *Pallas*, not *Ulysses*, won the day. 910

Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore,

A burst of laughter echo'd thro' the shore...

Antilochus, more hum'rous than the rest,

Takes the last prize, and takes it with a jest,

Why with our wiser elders should we strive?

The Gods still love them, and they always thrive. 915

V. 924. *And takes it with a jest.*] *Antilochus* comes off very well, and wittily prevents mockery; by attributing the victory of his rivals to the protection which the Gods gave to age. By this he infinuates, that he has something to comfort himself with; (for youth is better than the prize) and that he may pretend hereafter to the same protection, since it is a privilege of seniority. *Daser.*

Ye

Ye see, to *Ajax* I must yield the prize:

He to *Ulysses*, still more aged and wise;

(A green old age unconscious of decays,

That proves the hero born in better days!) 930

Behold his vigour in this active race!

Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:

For who can match *Achilles*? He who can,

Must yet be more than hero, more than man.

Th' effect succeeds the speech. *Pelides* cries, 235

Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.

Nor *Greece* in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;

Receive a talent of the purest gold.

The youth departs content. The host admire

The son of *Nestor*, worthy of his fire. 940

Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,

Casts on the plain the brazen burthen rings:

Arms, which of late divine *Sarpedon* wore,

And great *Patroclus* in short triumph bore.

V. 933. *For who can match Achilles?*] There is great art in these transient complements to *Achilles*: That hero could not possibly shew his own superiority in these games by contending for any of the prizes, because he was the exhibiter of the sports: But *Homer* has found out a way to give him the victory in two of them. In the chariot race *Achilles* is represented as being able to conquer every opponent, and though he speaks it himself, the poet brings it in so happily, that he speaks it without any indecency: And in this place *Antilochus* with a very good grace tells *Achilles*, that in the foot-race no one can dispute the prize with him. Thus tho' *Diomed* and *Ulysses* conquer in the chariot and foot-race, it is only because *Achilles* is not their antagonist.

104 HOMER's ILIAD. Book XXIII.

Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries) 945

Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize,

Now grace the lists before our army's sight,

And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.

Who first the jointed armour shall explore,

And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;

950

The sword, *Asteropeus* possest of old,

(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)

Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:

These arms in common let the chief divide:

For each brave champion, when the combate ends, 955

A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.

Fierce at the word, uprose great *Tyndus'* son,

And the huge bulk of *Ajax Telamon.*

Clad in redgilt steel, on either hand,

The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:

960

V. 949. Who first the jointed armour shall explore.] Some of the ancients have been shocked at this combate, thinking it a barbarity that men in sport should thus contend for their lives; and therefore *Aristophanes* the Grammarian made this alteration in the verses.

'Οντωτερός αὐτοῖς περίτος ἵππηγαλιας χρόα καλὸν
Φθῆν ἐπευξάμενος διὰ δ' ἵππας, &c.

But it is evident that they intirely mistook the meaning and intention of *Achilles*; for he that gave the first wound was to be accounted the victor. How could *Achilles* promise to entertain them both in his tent after the combate, if he intended that one of them should fall in it? This duel therefore was only a trial of skill, and as such single combates were frequent in the wars of those ages against adversaries, so this was proposed only to shew the dexterity of the contestants in that exercize. *Eustathius.*

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the sight;
 Each *Argive* bosom beats with fierce delight.
 Oppos'd in arms not long they idly stood,
 But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.

A furious pass the spear of *Ajax* made 965.

Thro' the broad shield, but at the corset stay'd:

Not thus the foe: His jav'lin aim'd above

The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.

But *Greece* now trembling for her hero's life,

Bade share the honours, and forswear the strife. 970

Yet still the victor's due *Tydius* gains,

With him the sword and studded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thundering on the ground

A mafs of iron, (an enormous round).

Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire, . 975

Rude from the furnace, and but shap'd by fire.

V. 971. Yet still the victor's due *Tydius* gains.] *Achilles* in this place acts the part of a very just arbitrator: Though the combatte did not proceed to a full issue, yet *Diomed* had evidently the advantage, and consequently ought to be rewarded as victor, because he would have been victorious; had not the *Greeks* interposed.

I could have wished that the poet had given *Ajax* the prize in some of these contests. He undoubtedly was a very gallant soldier, and has been described as repulsing a whole army: yet in all these sports he is foiled. But perhaps the poet had a double view in this representation, not only to shew, that strength without conduct is usually unsuccessful, but also his design might be to complement the *Greeks* his countrymen; by shewing that this *Ajax*, who had repelled a whole army of *Trojans*, was not able to conquer any one of the *Grecian* worthies: For we find him overpowered in three of these exercises.

This mighty Quoit *Aetios* went to rear,
 And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:
 The Giant by *Aeobiles* slain, he stow'd
 Among his spoils this memorable load. 980

For this, he bids these nervous artists vie,
 That teach the disk to sound along the sky.
 Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arse,
 Who farthest hurls it, take it as his prize:
 If he be one, enrich'd with large domain 985
 Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
 Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
 His hinds and swains whole years shall be supply'd
 From hence: nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid,
 For plowshares, wheels, and all the rural trade. 990

Stern *Polyptes* stopt before the throng,
 And great *Leontes*, more than mortal strong;
 Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
 Uprose great *Ajax*; up *Epeus* rose.

V. 985. *If be be one enriched, &c.*] The poet in this place speaks in the simplicity of ancient times: The prodigious weight and size of the Quoit is described with a noble plainness, peculiar to the Oriental way, and agreeable to the manners of those heroick ages. He does not set down the quantity of this enormous piece of iron, neither as to its bigness nor weight, but as to the use it will be of to him who shall gain it. We see from hence, that the ancients in the prizes they proposed, had in view not only the honourable, but the useful; a captive for work, a bullock for tillage, a quoit for the provision of iron. Besides, it must be remembered, that in those times iron was very scarce; and a sure sign of this scarcity, is, that their arms were bras. *Eustathius, Dacier.*

Each

Each stood in order: First *Epeus* threw; 995

High o'er the wond'ring crouds the whirling circle flew.

Leontes next a little space surpast,

And third, the strength of godlike *Ajax* cast.

O'er both their marks it flew; 'till fiercely flung

From *Polypetes'* arm, the *Discus* sung: 1000

Far, as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,

That distant falls among the grazing cows,

So past them all the rapid circle flies:

His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)

With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize. 1005 }
Those who in skilful archery contend

He next invites the twanging bow to bend:

And twice ten axes casts amidst the round,

(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound.)

The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore, 1010

The hero fixes in the sandy shore:

To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,

The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.

Whose weapon strikes yon' flutt'ring bird, shall bear

These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war; 1015

The single, he, whose shaft divides the cord.

He said: Experienc'd *Merion* took the word;

And skilful *Teucer*: In the helm they threw

Their lots inscrib'd, and forth the latter flew.

Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies; 1020

But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,

Nm

No firsling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
 To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
 For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside
 Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd: 1025
 A-down the main-mast fell the parted string,
 And the free bird to heav'n displays her wing:
 Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
 And Merion eager meditates the wound:
 He takes the bow, directs the shaft above, 1030
 And following with his eye the soaring dove,

V. 1030. *He takes the bow.*] There having been many editions of Homer, that of Marseilles represents those two rivals in archery as using two bows in the contest; and reads the verses thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηδίωνς ἐνίλη κατ' οἵστη
 Τόξῳ εἰ γὰρ χειρὶ ἵχε πάλαι, ὡς θύειν.

Our common editions follow the better alteration of *Antimachus*, with this only difference, that he reads it

*Ἐξείρυσε τεύχει τέχος. And they, *Ἐξείρυσε χειρὸς τόξον.

It is evident that these archers had but one bow, as they that threw the quoit had but one quoit; by these means the one had no advantage over the other, because both of them shot with the same bow. So that the common reading is undoubtedly the best, where the lines stand thus,

Σπερχόμενος δ' ἄρα Μηδίωνς ἐκίνευσε χειρὸς τόξον
 Τόξον, αὐτὰρ δὴ οἵστη ἵχε πάλαι ὡς θύειν. Eustathius.

This Teucer is the most eminent man for archery of any thro' the whole Iliad, yet he is here excelled by *Meriones*: And the poet describes his miscarriages to the neglect of invoking *Apollo*, the God of archery; whereas *Meriones*, who invokes him, is crowned with success. There is an excellent moral in this passage, and the poet would teach us, that without addressing to heaven we cannot succeed: *Meriones* does not conquer because he is the better archer, but because he is the better man.

Implores

Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.

The dove, in airy circles as she wheels;

Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels; 1035

Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.

The wounded bird, e'er yet she breath'd her last,
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,

A moment hung, and spread her pinions there, 1040
Then sudden dropt, and left her life in air.

From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave *Merion* bears the prize.

To close the fun'ral games, *Achilles* last.

A massy spear amid the circle plac'd, 1045
And ample charger of unfulfilled frame,

With flow'r's high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame:
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,

Whose dextrous skill directs the flying dart.

Here too great *Merion* hopes the noble prize; 1050
Nor here disdain'd the King of men to rise.

With

V. 1051. *Nor bere disdain'd the King of men to rise.*] There is an admirable conduct in this passage; *Agamemnon* never contended for any of the former prizes, though of much greater value; so that he is a candidate for this, only to honour *Patroclus* and *Achilles*. The decency which the poet uses both in the choice of the game, in which *Agamemnon* is about to contend, and the giving him the prize without a contest, is very remarkable: The game was a warlike exercise, fit for the general of an army; the giving him the prize without a contest.

With joy *Pelides* saw the honour paid,
Rose to the Monarch, and respectful said.

Thee first in virtue, as in pow'r supreme,
O King of Nations! all thy Greeks proclaim; 1055
In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest, and their best.
Take then the prize, but let brave *Merion* bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.

Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear, 1060
The King to *Merion* gives the brazen spear:
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glitt'ring charger to *Talthybius'* hands.

a contest is a decency judiciously observed, because no one ought to be supposed to excel the general in any military art: *Agamemnon* does justice to his own character, for whereas he had been represented by *Achilles* in the opening of the poem as a covetous person, he now puts in for the prize that is of the least value, and generously gives even that to *Talthybius*. *Eustathius*.

As to this last particular, of *Agamemnon*'s presenting the charger to *Talthybius*, I can't but be of a different opinion. It had been an affront to *Achilles* not to have accepted of his present on this occasion, and I believe the words of *Homer*,

Ταλθυβίῳ χήρυκι δίδε περικαλλής αἴθλων,

mean no more, than that he put it into the hands of this herald to carry it to his ships; *Talthybius* being by his office an attendant upon *Agamemnon*.

BOOK XXIII. HOMER's ILIAD. LII

IT will be expected I should here say something tending to a comparison between the games of Homer and those of Virgil. If I may own my private opinion, there is in general more variety of natural incidents, and a more lively picture of natural passions, in the games and persons of Homer. On the other hand, there seems to me more art, contrivance, gradation, and a greater pomp of verse in those of Virgil. The chariot-race is that which Homer has most labour'd, of which Virgil being sensible, he judiciously avoided the imitation of what he could not improve, and substituted in its place the naval course, or ship-race. It is in this the Roman poet has employ'd all his force, as if on set purpose to rival his great master; but it is extremely observable how constantly he keeps Homer in his eye, and is afraid to depart from his very track, even when he had vary'd the subject itself. Accordingly the accidents of the naval course have a strange resemblance with those of Homer's chariot-race. He could not forbear at the very beginning to draw a part of that description into a simile. Do not we see he has Homer's chariots in his head, by these lines;

*Non tam præcipites bijugo certamine campum
Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus.
Nec sic immisisti aurigæ undantia lora.
Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.*

Æn. v. ver. 144.

What is the encounter of *Eloabus* and *Gyas* in the strait between the rocks, but the same with that of *Menelaus* and *Antilochus* in the hollow way? Had the galley of *Sergestus* been broken, if the chariot of *Eumeius* had not been demolished? Or *Machaerus* been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat? Does not *Machaerus* exhort his rowers in the very words *Antilochus* had used to his horses?

*Non jam prima peto Machaerus, neque vincere certo.
Quamquam O! sed superent quibus hoc Neptune dedisti;
Extremos pudeat redire! hoc vincite, cives,
Et probibete nefas—*

*"Εμβοτός, καὶ σφῶν τυπάσεων ὅτι τάχιστα.
"Η τοι μὲν κτίνοισιν ἡριέμενη θῆται πλεύειν
Τυδεῖδεν ἵπποισι δαΐφρονος, οἵστιν Ἀθένη
Νῦν ὥρεξε τάχος—*

"Τακτας

"Ιππας δ' Ἀτρίδας κιχάντε, μηδὲ λίπνοθος,
Καρπαλίμως, μὴ σφῶν ἵλεκτην καταχεύῃ
"Αἴθυ θῦλως οὖσα——

Upon the whole, the description of the sea-race I think has the more poetry and majesty, than of the chariots more natural and lively incidents. There is nothing in *Virgil* so picturesque, so animated, or which so much marks the characters, as the episodes of *Antilochus* and *Menelaus*, *Ajax* and *Idomenus*, with that beautiful interposition of old *Nestor*, (so naturally introduced into an affair where one so little expects him.) On the other side, in *Virgil* the description itself is nobler; it has something more ostentatiously grand, and seems a spectacle more worthy the presence of princes and great persons.

In three other games we find the Roman poet contending openly with the *Grecian*. That of the *Cestus* is in great part a verbal translation: But it must be owned in favour of *Virgil*; that he has vary'd from *Homer* in the event of the combate with admirable judgment and with an improvement of the moral. *Epeus* and *Dares* are described by both poets as vain boasters; but *Virgil* with more poetical justice punishes *Dares* for his arrogance, whereas the presumption and pride of *Epeus* is rewarded by *Homer*.

On the contrary, in the *foot-race*, I am of opinion, that *Homer* has shewn more judgment and morality than *Virgil*. *Nisus* in the latter is unjust to his adversary in favour of his friend *Euryalus*; so that *Euryalus* wins the race by a palpable fraud, and yet the poet gives him the first prize; whereas *Homer* makes *Ulysses* victorious purely through the misfortune of *Ajax*, and his own piety in invoking *Minerva*.

The shooting is also a direct copy, but with the addition of two circumstances which make a beautiful gradation. In *Homer* the first archer cuts the string that held the bird, and the other shoots him as he is mounting. In *Virgil* the first only hits the mast which the bird was fixed upon, the second cuts the string, the third shoots him, and the fourth to vaunt the strength of his arm directs his arrow up to heaven, where it kindles into a flame, and makes a prodigy. This last is certainly superior to *Homer* in what they call the *wonderful*: But what is the intent or effect of this prodigy, or whether a reader is not at least as much surprized at it, as at the most unreasonable parts in *Homer*, I leave to those criticks who are more inclined to find faults than I am: Nor shall I observe upon the many literal imitations in the *Roman* poet, to object against which were to derogate from the merit of those fine passages, which *Virgil* was so very sensible of, that he was resolv'd to take them, at any rate, to himself.

There remains in *Homer* three games un-touch'd by *Virgil*; the *wrestling*, the *single combate*, and the *Discus*. In *Virgil* there is only the

the *Lusus Trojae* added, which is purely his own, and must be confess'd to be inimitable; I don't know whether I may be allowed to say, it is worth all those three of Homer?

I could not forgive myself if I omitted to mention in this place the funeral games in the sixth *Thebaid* of Statius; it is by much the most beautiful book of that poem. It's very remarkable, that he has followed Homer through the whole course of his games: There is the chariot-race, the foot-race, the Discus, the Cæstus, the wrestling, the single combate (which is put off in the same manner as in Homer) and the shooting; which last ends (as in Virgil) with a prodigy. Yet in the particular descriptions of each of these games this poet has not borrowed from either of his predecessors, and his poem is so much the worse for it.







THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
I L I A D.





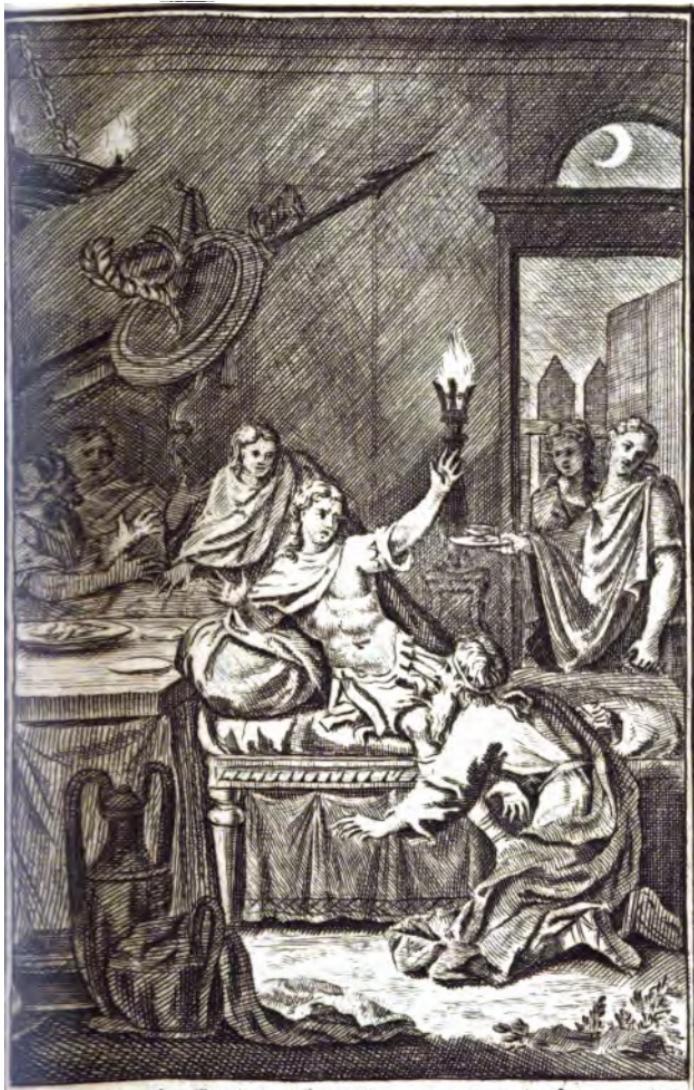
The A R G U M E N T.

The redemption of the body of *Hector*.

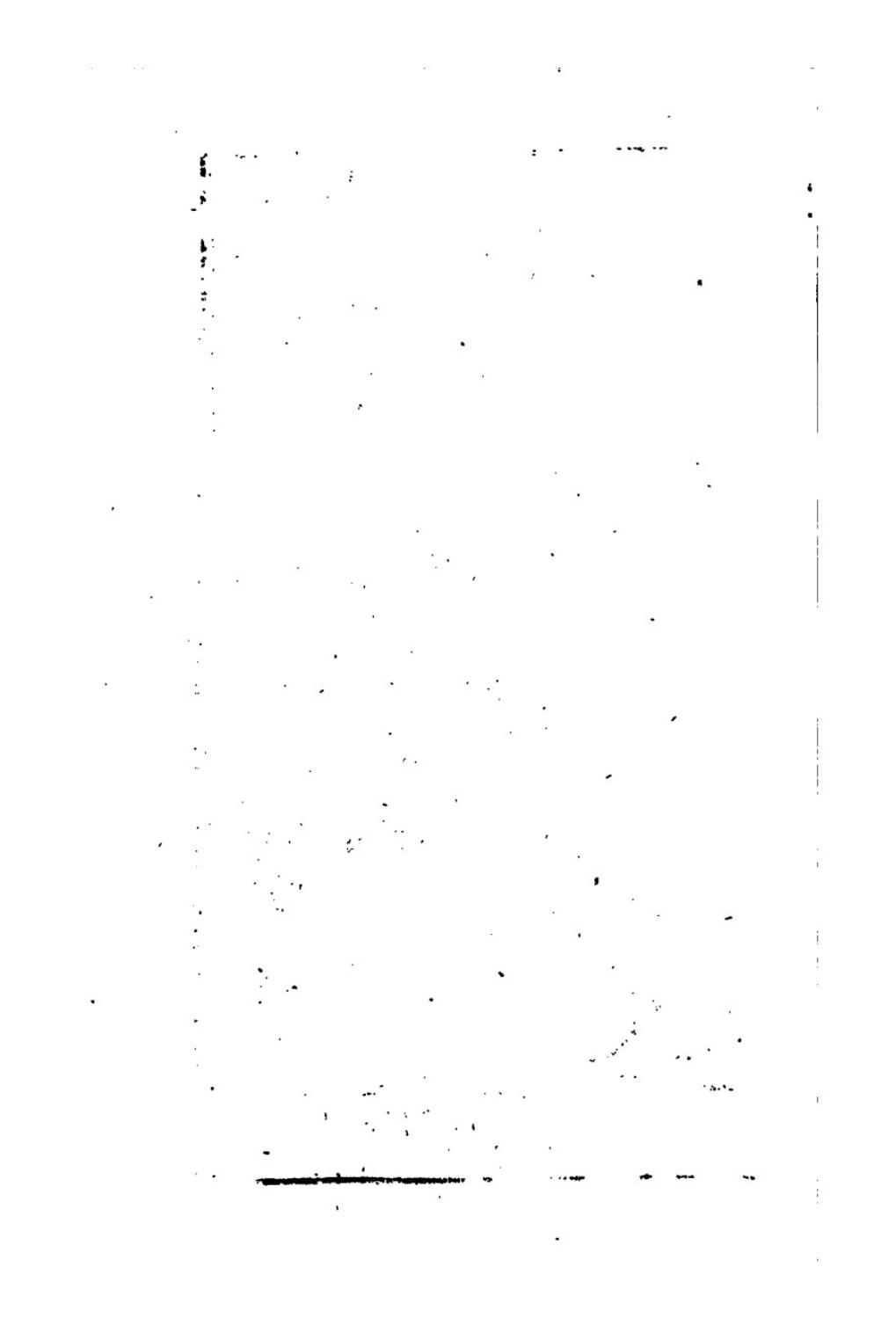
THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old King, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an Omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with presents under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son, Achilles, mov'd with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: The Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: And as many more are spent in the grace allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

T H E



Priam extremely afflicted at Achilles's inhumanity to the body of Hector, which he disgracefully drags three times a day round Patroclus's Tomb, comes to him & beseeches That Prince touch'd with his Grief & Submission, grants his Request which is sollicit'd with Magnificent Funerals celebrated by the Trojans for Hector. B. XXV.





THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ILIA D.

NO W^t. from the finish'd games the *Grecian* band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded
Strand :
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so *Achilles* : He, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep.

5

Restless

Refleis he roll'd around his weary bed,
 And all his soul on his *Patroclus* fed: 10
 The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
 That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
 What toils they shar'd, what martial works they wrought,
 What seas they measur'd, and what fields they fought;
 All past before him in remembrance dear, 15
 Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
 And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
 New shifts his side, impatient for the day:

V. 14. *What seas they measur'd, &c.*] There is something very noble in these sentiments of *Achilles*: He does not recollect any soft moments, any tendernesses that had passed between him and *Patroclus*, but he revolves the many difficulties, the toils by land, and the dangers by sea, in which they had been companions: Thus the poet on all occasions admirably sustains the character of *Achilles*; when he play'd upon the harp in the ninth book, he sung the achievements of kings; and in this place there is an air of greatness in his very sorrows: *Achilles* is as much a hero when he weeps, as when he fights.

This passage in *Homer* has not escap'd the censure of *Plato*, who thought it a diminution to his character to be thus transported with grief; but the objection will vanish, if we remember that all the passions of *Achilles* are in the extreme; his nature is violent, and it would have been an outrage to his general character to have represented him as mourning moderately for his friend. *Plato* spoke more like a philosopher than a critick when he blam'd the behaviour of *Achilles* as unmanly: These tears would have ill become *Plato*, but they are graceful in *Achilles*.

Besides, there is something very instructive in this whole representation; it shews us the power of a sincere friendship, and softens and recommends the character of *Achilles*; the violence he used towards his enemy is alleviated by the sincerity he expresses towards his friend; he is a terrible enemy, but amiable friend.

Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
 Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes. 20.

There as the solitary mourner raves,
 The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves :
 Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd ;
 The chariot flies, and *Hector* trails behind.
 And thrice *Patroclus* ! round thy monument 25
 Was *Hector* dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.
 There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes ;
 While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcase lies,
 But not deserted by the pitying skies.
 For *Phæbus* watch'd it with superior care, 30
 Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air ;
 And ignominious as it swept the field,
 Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
 All heav'n was mov'd, and *Hermes* will'd to go
 By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe : 35
 But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies,
 And th' unrelenting Empress of the skies :
 E'er

V. 30. For *Phæbus* watch'd it, &c.] *Eustathius* says, that by this shield of *Apollo* are meant the clouds that are drawn up by the beams of the sun, which cooling and qualifying the sultriness of the air, preserved the body from decay : But perhaps the poet had something farther in his eye when he introduced *Apollo* upon this occasion : *Apollo* is a physician and the God of medicaments ; if therefore *Achilles* used any arts to preserve *Hector* from decay, that he might be able the longer to insult his remains, *Apollo* may properly be said to protect it with his *Aegis*.

V. 36. But *Neptune* this, and *Pallas* this denies.] It is with excellent art that the poet carries on this part of the poem : he shews

E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,

Wor

that he could have contrived another way to recover the body of *Hector*; but as a God is never to be introduced but when human means fail, he rejects the interposition of *Mercury*, makes use of ordinary methods, and *Priam* redeems his son: This gives an air of probability to the relation, at the same time that it advances the glory of *Achilles*; for the greatest of his enemies labours to purchase his favour, the Gods hold a consultation, and a King becomes his supplicant. *Eustathius*.

Those seven lines, from Κλέφεις δὲ ἀτρόποντος to Μαχλωσίνη
ἀλεγεῖσθι, have been thought spurious by some of the ancients: They judg'd it as an indecency that the goddess of wisdom and *Achilles* should be equally inexorable; and that it was below the majesty of the Gods to be said to steal. Besides, say they, had *Homer* been acquainted with the judgment of *Paris*, he would undoubtedly have mentioned it before this time in his poem, and consequently that story was of a later invention: And *Aristarchus* affirms that Μαχλωσίνη is a more modern word, and never known before the time of *Hesiod*, who uses it when he speaks of the daughters of *Pratus*; and adds, that it is appropriated to signify the incontinence of women, and cannot be at all applied to men: Therefore others read the last verse,

"Η οἱ κτιχαρισμένα δῶρα ὄνοματα.

These objections are intirely gathered from *Eustathius*; to which we may add, that *Macrobius* seems to have been one of those who rejected these verses, since he affirms that our author never mentions the judgment of *Paris*. It may be answered, that the silence of *Homer* in the foregoing part of the poem, as to the judgment of *Paris*, is no argument that he was ignorant of that story: Perhaps he might think it most proper to unfold the cause of the destruction of *Troy* in the conclusion of the *Iliad*; that the reader seeing the wrong done, and the punishment of that wrong immediately following, might acknowledge the justice of it.

The same reason will be an answer to the objection relating to the anger of *Pallas*: Wisdom cannot be satisfied without Justice; and consequently *Pallas* ought not to cease from retribution, till *Troy* has suffered the deserts of her crimes.

I cannot

BOOK XXIV. HOMER's ILIAD. 121

Won by destructive lust (Reward obscene)	48
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.	
But when the tenth celestial morning broke;	
To heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke.	
Unpitying pow'r! how oft each holy fane Has Hector ting'd with blood of victims slain?	45
And can ye still his cold remains pursue? Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?	
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire, The last sad honours of a fun'ral fire?	
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?	50
That iron heart, inflexibly severe; A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide In strength of rage and impotence of pride, Who hastens to murder with a savage joy, Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.	55

I cannot think that the objection about the word *Μαχαοίνην* is of any weight; the date of words is utterly uncertain, and as no one has been able to determine the ages of Homer and Hesiod, so neither can any person be assured that such words were not in use in Homer's days.

V. 52. *A lion, not a man, &c.*] This is a very formal condemnation of the morals of Achilles, which Homer puts into the mouth of a God. One may see from this alone that he was far from designing his hero a virtuous character; yet the poet artfully introduces Apollo in the midst of his reproaches, intermingling the hero's praises with his blemishes: *Brave tho' he be, &c.* Thus what is the real merit of Achilles is distinguished from what is blameworthy in his character, and we see Apollo or the God of wisdom, is no less impartial than just in his representation of Achilles.

Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood,
 The greatest evil and the greatest good.
 Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
 Repugnant to the lot of all mankind ;
 To lose a friend, a brother, or a son, 60
 Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done :
 A while they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
 Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
 But this Infatiate the commission giv'n
 By fate, exceeds ; and tempts the wrath of heav'n : - 65
 Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth inseparable of wrong !
 Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason aw'd,
 He violates the laws of Man and God.
 If equal honours by the partial skies 70
 Are doom'd both heroes, (*Juno* thus replies)
 If *Tethis'* son must no distinction know,
 Then bear, ye Gods ! the Patron of the Bow.
 But *Hector* only boasts a mortal claim :
 His birth deriving from a mortal dame : 75
Achilles of your own æthereal race
 Springs from a Goddess by a man's embrace ;
 (A Goddess by ourself to *Peleus* giv'n,
 A man divine, and chosen friend of heav'n.)
 To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode 80
 Yourselves were present ; where this Minstrel God

{Well

(Well pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' imperial dame:

Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame; 85
Their merits, not their blemishes, are the same.

Bat mine, and evry God's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our flames his grateful off'lings lay,

(The only honest men to Gods can pay)

Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.

How'e'er by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: *Tethis* guards it night and day.

But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen; let her persuasion move
Her furious son from *Priam* to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.

90

95

He added not: And *Iris* from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind on the message flies,
Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the fable deeps.

100

Between where *Samos* wide his forests spreads,
And rocky *Imbrus* lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid, (the parted waves resound) 105
She plung'd, and instant shot the dark profound.

124 HOMER's ILIAD. Book XXIV.

As bearing death in the fallacious bait
 From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight ;
 So past the Goddess thro' the closing wave,
 Where *Tbetis* sorrow'd in her secret cave : 110
 There plac'd amidst her melancholy train
 (The blue-hair'd sisters of the sacred main)
 Pensive she sate, revolving fates to come,
 And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.

Then thus the Goddess of the painted bow. 115
 Arise, O *Tbetis*, from thy seats below,
 'Tis *Jove* that calls. And why (the Dame replies)
 Calls *Jove* his *Tbetis* to the hated skies ?

V. 114. *And wept her God-like son's approaching doom.*] These words are very artfully inserted by the poet. The poem could not proceed to the death of *Achilles* without breaking the action; and therefore to satisfy the curiosity of the reader concerning the fate of this great man, he takes care to inform us that his life draws to a period, and as it were celebrates his funeral before his death.

Such circumstances as these greatly raise the character of *Achilles*; he is so truly valiant, that though he knows he must fall before *Troy*, yet he does not abstain from the war, but courageously meets his death: And here I think it proper to insert an observation that ought to have been made before, which is, that *Achilles* did not know that *Hector* was to fall by his hand; if he had known it, where would have been the mighty courage in engaging him in a single combat, in which he was sure to conquer? The contrary of this is evident from the words of *Achilles* to *Hector* just before the combat,

—————Πηρε γ' οὐ ἔτερος γε πειθώτα
 Αἴματος δόαις αἴρεις, &c.

I will make no compact with thee, says Achille, but one of us shall fall.

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S ILIAD. 125

Sad object as I am for heav'ly light!

Ah may my sorrows ever shun the light! 120

Howe'er be heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd-----

She spake, and veil'd her head in fable shade,

Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;

And forth she pac'd, majestically sad.

Then thro' the world of waters, they repair 125

(The way fair *Tis* led) to upper air.

The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,

And touch with momentary flight the skies.

There in the lightnings blaze the Sire they found,

And all the Gods in shining synod round. 130

Tbetis approach'd with anguish in her face,

(*Minerva* rising, gave the mourner place)

Ev'n *Juno* sought her sorrows to console,

And offer'd from her hand the Nectar bowl:

She tasted, and resign'd it: Then began 135

The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal man:

Thou com'st, fair *Tbetis*, but with grief o'ercast,

Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!

Suffice, we know and we partake thy cares:

But yield to Fate, and hear what *Jove* declares. 140

Nine days are past, since all the court above

In *Hector's* cause have mov'd the ear of *Jove*;

'Twas

V. 141. Nine days are past, since all the court above, &c.] It may be thought that so many interpolations of the Gods, such messages

126. HOMER's ILIAD. Book XXIV.

'Twas voted, *Hermes* from his god-like fee
 By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so :
 We will, thy son himself the corse restore,145
 And to his conquest add this glory more.
 Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear ;
 Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far :
 Nor let him move (our anger if he dread)
 Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead :150
 But yield to ransom and the father's pray'r.
 The mournful father *Aris* shall prepare,

from heaven to earth, and down to the seas, are needless machines ; and it may be imagined that it is an offence against probability that so many Deities should be employed to pacify *Achilles* : But I am of opinion that the poet conducts this whole affair with admirable judgment. The poem is now almost at the conclusion, and *Achilles* is to pass from a state of an almost inexorable resentment to a state of perfect tranquillity ; such a change could not be brought about by human means ; *Achilles* is too stubborn to obey any thing less than a God : This is evident from his rejecting the persuasion of the whole *Grecian* army to return to the battle : So that it appears that this machinery was necessary, and consequently a beauty to the poem.

It may be farther added, that these several incidents proceed from *Jupiter* : It is by his appointment that so many Gods are employed to attend *Achilles*. By these means *Jupiter* fulfills the promise mentioned in the first book, of honouring the son of *Thetis*, and *Homer* excellently sustains his character by representing the inexorable *Achilles* as not parting with the body of his mortal enemy, but by the immediate command of *Jupiter*.

If the poet had conducted these incidents merely by human means, or supposed *Achilles* to restore the body of *Hector* istively out of compassion, the draught had been unnatural, because unlike *Achilles* : Such a violence of temper was not to be pacified by ordinary methods. Besides, he has made use of the properest personages to carry on the affair ; for who could be supposed to have so great an influence upon *Achilles* as his own mother, who is a goddess ?

With

With gifts to see; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks, or bears demands,

His word the silver-footed Queen attends,
And from *Olympus'* showy tops descends.

Arriv'd, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.

His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.

The Goddess seats her by her pensive son,
She prest his hand, and tender thus began.

How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow!
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?

Mindless of food, or Love whose pleasing reign
Sooths weary life, and softens human pain.

O fanech the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!

155

160.

165

E.O!

V. 164. *And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe.* [This expression in the original is very particular: Were it to be translated literally, it must be rendered, how long will thou eat, or prey upon thy own heart by these sorrows? And it seems that it was a common way of expressing a deep sorrow; and Pythagoras uses it in this sense, μάτισμα καρδίας, that is, grieve not excessively, let not sorrow make too great an impression upon thy heart. *Euph.*]

V. 168. — *Indulge the am'rous hour!* [The ancients (says Euph.) rejected these verses because of the indecent idea they convey. The goddess in plain terms advises *Achilles* to go to bed with his mistress, and tells him a woman will be a comfort. The good bishop is of opinion, that they ought to be rejected, but the reason he gives is as extraordinary as that of *Thetis*: Soldiers, says he, have more occasion for something to strengthen themselves with, than for women. And this is the reason, continues he, why wasters are forbid

Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear)

Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,

275

No longer then (his fury if thou dread)

Detain the relicks of great *Hector* dead;

NOF

forbid all commerce with that sex during the whole time of their exercise.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus endeavours to justify Homer by observing that this advice of *Tethis* was not given him to induce him to any wantonness, but was intended to indulge a nobler passion, his desire of glory: she advises him to go to that captive who was restored to him in a publick truce to satisfy his honour: To that captive, the detention of whom had been so great a punishment to the whole Grecian army. And therefore *Tethis* uses a very proper motive to comfort her son, by advising him to gratify at once both his love and his glory.

Plutarch has likewise labour'd in Homer's justification; he observes that the poet has set the picture of *Achilles* in this place in a very fair and strong point of light: Though *Achilles* had so lately received his beloved *Briseis* from the hands of *Agamemnon*; though he knew that his own life drew to a sudden period; yet the hero prevails over the lover, and he does not haste to indulge his love: He does not lament *Patroclos* like a common man by neglecting the duties of life, but he abstains from all pleasure by an excess of sorrow, and the love of his mistress is lost in that of his friend.

This observation excellently justifies *Achilles*, in not indulging himself with the company of his mistresses: The hero indeed prevails so much over the lover, that *Tethis* thinks herself obliged to recall *Briseis* to his memory. Yet still the indecency remains. All that can be said in favour of *Tethis* is, that she was mother to *Achilles*, and consequently might take the greater freedom with her son.

Madath Dacier disapproves of both the former observations: She has recourse to the lawfulness of such a practice between *Achilles* and *Briseis*; and because such commerces in those times were reputed honest, therefore she thinks the advice was decent: The married ladies are obliged to her for this observation, and I hope all tender mothers, when their sons are afflicted, will advise them to comfort themselves in this manner.

In short, I am of opinion that this passage outrages decency; and it is a sign of some weakness to have so much occasion of justification. Indeed the whole passage is capable of a serious construction, and of such a sense as a mother might express to a son with decency. And

Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.

To whom *Achilles*: Be the ransom giv'n, 175
And we submit, since such the will of heav'n,

While thus they commun'd, from th' Olympian bow'r's
Jove orders *Iris* to the Trojan tow'r's.

Haste, winged Goddess! to the sacred town,
And urge her Monarch to redeem his son; 180

Alone, the *Ilion* ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern *Achilles* may receive:

Alone, for so we will: No *Trojan* near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who with gentle hand, 185
May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:

And then it will run thus, "Why art thou, my son, thus afflicted?
" Why thus resign'd to sorrow? Can neither sleep nor love divert
" you? Short is thy date of life, spend it not all in weeping, but
" allow some part of it to love and pleasure!" But still the inde-
cency lies in the manner of the expression, which must be allowed
to be almost obscene, (for such is the word *μισθεσθί*, *mischeri*) all
that can be said in defence of it is, that as we are not competent
judges of what ideas words might carry in Homer's time, so we ought
not entirely to condemn him, because it is possible the expression
might not sound so indecently in ancient, as in modern ears.

Him *Hermes* to *Achilles* shall convey,
 Guard of his life, and partner of his way. 290
 Fierce as he is, *Achilles'* self shall spare
 His age, nor touch one venerable hair;
 Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,
 Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

V. 189. *Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey.*] The intervention of *Mercury* was very necessary at this time, and by it the poet not only gives an air of probability to the relation, but also pays a compliment to his countrymen the *Grecians*: They kept so strict a guard, that nothing but a God could pass unobserved; this highly recommends their military discipline; and *Friar* not being able to carry the ransom without a chariot, it would have been an offence against probability to have supposed him able to have passed all the guards of the army in his chariot, without the assistance of some deity: *Homer* had this passage in his view, Ode the tenth of the fifth book,

Iniqua Troje castra fecellit.

V. 291. ——*Achilles' self shall spare*
His age, nor touch one venerable hair, &c.]

It is observable that every word here is a negative, *άρρεν*, *ἄσκο-*
ως, *αἰτησίμων*; *Achilles* is still so angry that *Jupiter* cannot say he
 is wife, judicious, and merciful; he only commands him negatively,
 and barely says he is not a madman, nor perversely wicked.

It is the observation of the ancients, says *Enthalius*, that all the
 causes of the sins of man are included in those three words: Man
 offends either out of ignorance, and then he is *άρρεν*; or through
 inadvertency, then he is *άσκοως*; or wilfully and maliciously, and
 then he is *αἰτησίμων*. So that this description agrees very well
 with the present disposition of *Achilles*; he is not *άρρεν*, because
 his resentment begins to abate; he is not *άσκοως*, because his mo-
 ther has given him instructions; nor *αἰτησίμων*, because he will not
 offend against the injunctions of *Jupiter*.

Then

Then down her bow the winged *Iris* drives, 195
 And swift at *Priam's* mournful court arrives :
 Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
 Sate bath'd in tears, and answered groan with groan.
 And all amidst them lay the hoary fire,
 (Sad scene of woe !) His face his wrapt attire 200
 Conceal'd from sight ; with frantic hands he spread
 A shov'r of ashes o'er his neck and head.
 From room to room his penive daughters roam ;
 Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome ;

V. 195. *The winged Iris flies, &c.*] Mons. *Rapin* has been very free upon this passage, where so many machines are made use of, to cause *Priam* to obtain the body of *Hector* from *Achilles*, " This fa-
 " ther (says he) who has so much tenderness for his son, who is so
 " superstitious in observing the funeral ceremonies, and saving those
 " precious remains from the dogs and vultures ; ought not he to
 " have thought of doing this himself, without being thus expressly
 " commanded by the Gods ? Was there need of a machine to make
 " him remember that he was a father ? " But this critick intirely
 forgets what rendered such a conduct of absolute necessity ; namely,
 the extreme danger and (in all probability) imminent ruin both of
 the king and state, upon *Priam's* putting himself into the power of
 his most inveterate enemy. There was no other method of re-
 covering *Hector*, and of discharging his funeral rites (which were look'd
 upon by the ancients of so high importance) and therefore the mes-
 sage from *Jupiter* to encourage *Priam*, with the assistance of *Mer-
 cury* to conduct him, and to prepare *Achilles* to receive him with
 favour, was far from impertinent : It was *dignus vindice nodus*, as
Horace expresses it.

V. 200. *His face his wrapt attire Conceal'd from sight.*] The poet
 has observed a great decency in this place ; he was not able to ex-
 press the grief of his royal mourner, and so covers what he could not
 represent. From this passage *Semantzes* the Sicyonian painter bor-
 rowed his design in the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, and represents his
Agamemnon, as *Homer* does his *Priam* : *Aescylus* has likewise imi-
 tated this place, and draws his *Niobe* exactly after the manner of
Homer, *Eustathius*.

132. HOMER'S ILIAD. Book XXIV.

Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy, 205

Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!

Before the King Jove's messenger appears,

And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears.

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;

From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care: 210

For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,

And bear what stern Achilles may receive;

Alone, for so he wills: No Trojan near,

Except to place the dead with decent care,

Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,

215

May the slow mules and fun'ral car command.

Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;

Safe thro' the foe by his protection led;

Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,

Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.

220

Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare

Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;

Some thought there must be, in a soul so brave,

Some sense of duty, some desire to save.

She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare

225

His gentle mules, and harness to the car;

There, for the gifts, a polish'd cascket lay:

His pious sons the King's command obey.

Then past the Monarch to his bridal room,

Where Cedar beams the lofty roofs perfume,

230

And

And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd the Queen, and thus began to say,

Unhappy consort of a King distressed!

Partake the troubles of thy husband's break:

I saw descend the messenger of *Jove*,

235

Who bids me try *Achilles'* mind to move;

Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain

The corps of *Hector*, at yon' navy slain.

Tell me thy thought: My heart impels to go

Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.

240.

The hoary Monarch thus. Her piercing cries

Sad *Hecuba* renews, and then replies.

Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind?

And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?

Thro' *Pbygia* once, and foreign regions known,

245.

Now all confus'd, distracted, overthrown?

Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face

(Oh heart of steel!) the Murd'rer of thy race!

To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er

Those hands, yet red with *Hector*'s noble gore!

250.

Alas! my Lord! he knows not how to spare,

And what his mercy thy slain sons declare;

So brave! so many fall'n! To calm his rage

Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.

No——pent in this sad palace, let us give

255.

To grief, the wretched days we have to live.

134 HOMER's ILIAD Book XXIV.

Still, still for *Hector* let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents woe !
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to *Prehes'* son !

260

Oh ! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay !
For ah ! could *Hector* merit thus ? whose breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death :
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,

265

And fell a hero in his country's right.

Seek not to slay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night ;
(Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me; and you urge in vain. 270
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, priest, or seer had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command,
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.

V. 265. *He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight;*
And fell a hero —————

This whole discourse of *Hecuba* is exceedingly natural, she aggravates the features of *Achilles*, and softens those of *Hector*: Her anger blinds her so much, that she can see nothing great in *Achilles*, and her fondness so much, that she can discern no defects in *Hector*. Thysa the draws *Achilles* in the fiercest colours, like a *Barbarian*, and calls him *ώνεγος*: But at the same time forgets that *Hector* ever fled from *Achilles*, and in the original directly tells us that he knew *no bow to fear, or bow to fly*. Eustathius.

I go,

BOOK XXIV. HOMER's ILIAD. 135

I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:

275

If in yon' camp your pow'r have doom'd my fall,

Content—By the same hand let me expire!

Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched fire!

One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,

And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!

280

From forth his open'd stores, this said, he drew

Twelve costly carpets of resplendent hue,

As many vests, as many mantles told,

And twelve fair veils and garments stiff with gold.

Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,

285

With ten pure talents from the richest mine;

And last a large well-labour'd bowl had place,

(The pledge of treaties once with friendly *Tbrace*)

Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,

For one last look to buy him back to *Troy*!

290

Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,

Around him fusions drives his mortal train:

In

V. 292. *Lo! the sad father, &c.*] This behaviour of *Priam* is very natural to a person in his circumstances: The loss of his favourite son makes so deep an impression upon his spirits, that he is incapable of consolation; he is displeased with every body; he is angry he knows not why; the disorder and hurry of his spirits make him break out into passionate expressions, and those expressions are contained in short periods, very natural to men in anger, who give not themselves leisure to express their sentiments at full length: It is from the same passion that *Priam*, in the second speech, treats all his sons with the utmost indignity, calls them gluttons, dandies, and flatterers. *Eustathius* very justly remarks, that he had *Paris* particularly in his eye; but his anger makes him transfer that character to



136. HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXIV.

In vain each slave with dutious care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.

What make ye here? officious crowds! (he cries) 295

Hence! nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.

Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there;

Am I the only object of despair?

Am I become my people's common show,

Set up by *Jove* your spectacle of woe? 300

No, you must feel him too; yourselves must fall;

The same stern God to ruin gives you all:

Nor is great *Hector* lost by me alone;

Your sole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!

I see your blood the fields of *Pbyrgia* drown,

I see the ruins of your smoaking town! 305

the rest of his children, not being calm enough to make a distinction between the innocent and guilty.

That passage where he runs into the praises of *Hector*, is particularly natural: His concern and fondness make him as extravagant in the commendation of him, as in the disparagement of his other sons: They are less than mortals, he more than man. *Rapin* has censured this anger of *Priam* as a breach of the *manners*, and says he might have shewn himself a father, otherwise than by this usage of his children. But whoever considers his circumstances, will judge after another manner. *Priam*, after having been the most wealthy, most powerful and formidable monarch of *Asia*, becomes all at once the most miserable of men; he loses in less than eight days the best of his army, and a great number of virtuous sons; he loses the bravest of them all, his glory and his defence, the gallant *Hector*. This last blow sinks him quite, and changes him so much, that he is no longer the same: He becomes impatient, frantic, unreasonable! the terrible effect of ill fortune! whoever has the least insight into nature, must admire so fine a picture of the force of adversity on an unhappy old man.

Oh

Oh send me, Gods! e'er that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to *Pluto's* dreary dome!

He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.

Next on his sons his erring fury falls;

Polites, *Paris*, *Agatbon*, he calls,

His threats *Deiphobus* and *Dius* hear,

Hippothoüs, *Pammon*, *Helema* the seer,

And gen'rous *Antipbon*: For yet these nine

Surviv'd, sad relisks of his num'rous line.

Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!

Why did not all in *Hector's* cause expire?

Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,

You, the disgrace of *Priam's* house, remain!

Mecstor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,

With *Troilus*, dreadful on his rushing car,

And last great *Hector*, more than man divine,

For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!

All those relentless *Mars* untimely slew,

And left me these, a soft and servile crew,

Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,

Gloaters and flatt'ners, the contempt of *Troy*!

310

315

320

325

V. 313. *Deiphobus* and *Dius*.] It has been a dispute whether *Dius* or *Ayavdös*, in v. 251. was a proper name; but *Phercydes* (*his Eustathius*) determines it, and assures us that *Dius* was a spurious son of *Priam*.

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?

330

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shin'd;
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly paine,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces sweep'd the ground;
These to the chariots polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And close beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of *Hector* slain).

335

The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd, mules they bring.
(The gift of *Mystra* to the Trojan King.)

340.

But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Grief'd as he was, he not this task deny'd;
The hoary herald, help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle couriers join'd,
Sad *Hecuba* approach'd with anxious mind;

345

350.

V. 348. *The sad attendants load the groaning wain.*] It is necessary to observe to the reader, to avoid confusion, that two cars are here prepared; the one drawn by mules, to carry the presents, and to bring back the body of *Hector*; the other drawn by horses, in which the herald and *Priam* rode. *Eustathius.*

A golden

BOOK XXIV. HOMER's *ILIADE*. 139

A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation destin'd to the pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the Monarch's hands.

Take this, and pour to *Jove*; that safe from harms, 355

His grace restore thee to our roof, and arms.

Since victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,

Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design:

Pray to that God, who high on *Ida*'s brow

Surveys thy desolated realms below,

360

His winged messenger to send from high,

And lead thy way with heav'nly Augury:

Let the strong sovereign of the plamy race

Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space.

That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,

365

Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*;

But if the God his augury denies,

Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.

'Tis just (said *Priam*) to the Sire above

To raise our hands, for who so good as *Jove*? 370

He spoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring

The purest water of the living spring:

(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held)

Then took the golden cup his Queen had fill'd;

On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,

375

Uplifts his eyes, and calls the pow'r divine.

Oh

140 HOMER's *ILIA D.* Book XXIV.

Oh first, and greatest! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty *Ida*'s holy hill ador'd!

To stern *Ae biles* now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.

If such thy will, dispatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial Augury!

Let the strong sov'reign of the plumpy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' æthereal space:

So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,

380

Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by *Jove*.

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Dispatch'd his bird, celestial Augury!

The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by *Percnos'* lofty name.

390

Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad, his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,

As stooping dexter with resounding wings
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.

A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;

395

The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.

V. 377. *Ob first, and greatest! &c.]* Eustathius observes, that there is not one instance in the whole *Ilias* of any prayer that was justly preferred, that failed of success. This proceeding of Homer's is very judicious, and answers exactly to the true end of poetry, which is to please and instruct. Thus *Priam* prays that *Ae biles* may cease his wrath, and compassionate his miseries; and *Jupiter* grants his request: The unfortunate king obtains compassion, and in his most inveterate enemy finds a friend.

Swift

Book XXIV. HOMER's *ILIADE*. 141

Swift on the car th' impatient Monarch sprung;

The brazen portal in his passage rung.

The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,

Charg'd with the gifts: *Ideus* holds the rein:

403

The King himself his gentle steeds controuls,

And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls,

On his slow wheels the following people wait,

Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;

With hands uplifted, eye him as he past,

405

And gaze upon him as they gaz'd their last.

Now forward fares the Father on his way,

Thro' the lone fields, and back to *Hion* they.

Great *Jove* beheld him as he crost the plain,

And felt the woes of miserable man,

410

Then thus to *Hermes*. Thou whose constant cares

Still succour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;

Behold an object to thy charge confign'd,

If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.

Go, guard the fire; th' observing foe prevent,

415

And safe conduct him to *Achilles'* tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,

And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,

That

V. 417. *The description of Mercury.*] A man must have no taste for poetry that does not admire this sublime description: *Virgil* has translated it almost *verbatim* in the fourth book of the *Aeneis*, v. 240.

That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main : 420
 Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye ;
 Thus arm'd, swift *Hermes* steers his airy way,
 And stoops on *Hellefespont*'s resounding sea.
 A beauteous youth, majestick and divine,
 He seem'd ; fair offspring of some princely line ! 425

— *Ille patris magui parere parabat*
Imperio, & primam pedibus talaria necit
Aurea, qua sublimem alit, fave æquora supra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portans.
Tum virginem capit, bac animas ille evocat ore
Pallentes, alias sub trifia tartara mittit;
Dat funere, adimitque, & lumen morte regnat.

It is hard to determine which is more excellent, the copy, or the original : *Mercury* appears in both pictures with equal majesty ; and the *Roman* dress becomes him as well as the *Grecian*. *Virgil* has added the latter part of the fifth, and the whole sixth line, to *Homer*, which makes it still more full and majestic.

Give me leave to produce a passage out of *Milton* of near affinity with the lines above, which is not inferior to *Homer* or *Virgil*: It is the description of the descent of an angel.

— *Down thither, prone in flight*
He speeds, and thro' the vast æthereal sky
Saik between worlds and worlds ; with steady wing :
Now on the polar winds : Then with quick force
Winnows the buxom air —
Of beaming sunny rays a golden Tiar
Circled his head ; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious, on his shoulders fledg'd with wings,
Lay waving round, ————— sec.

Now

Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
 And clad the dusky fields in sober gray
 What time the herald and the hoary King
 Their chariots stopping, at the silver spring 430
 That circling *Ilos*' ancient marble flows,
 Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
 Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
 A man's approach, and thus to *Priam* cries.

~~I mark some~~ foe's advance: O King! beware; 435
 This hard adventure claims thy utmost care:
 For much I fear, destruction hovers nigh:
 Our state asks counsel; Is it best to fly?
 Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall,
 (Two wretched suppliants) and for mercy call? 440
 Th' afflicted Monarch shiver'd with despair;
 Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;

V. 427. Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day.] The poet by such intimations as these recalls to our minds the exact time which *Priam* takes up in his journey to *Achilles*: He set out in the evening; and by the time that he had reach'd the tomb of *Ilos*, it was grown somewhat dark, which shew'd that this tomb stood at some distance from the city: Here *Mercury* meets him, and when it was quite dark, guides him into the presence of *Achilles*. By these methods we may discover how exactly the poet preserves the unities of time and place, and he allots space sufficient for the actions which he describes, and yet does not crowd more incidents into any interval of time than may be executed in as much as he allows: Thus it being improbable that so stubborn a man as *Achilles* should relent in a few moments, the poet allows a whole night for this affair, so that *Priam* has leisure enough to go and return, and time enough remaining to persuade *Achilles*.

Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When *Hermes* greeting, touch'd his royal hand, 445
And gentle, thus accosts with kind demand.

Say whither, father! when each mortal fight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'ft thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so num'rous and so strong? 450
What couldst thou hope, should these thy treasures view,
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?

For

V. 447, &c. *The speech of Mercury to Priam.*] I shall not trouble the reader with the dreams of *Eustathius*, who tells us that this fiction of *Mercury* is partly true and partly false: It is true that his father is old; for *Jupiter* is King of the whole universe, was from eternity, and created both men and Gods: In like manner, when *Mercury* says he is the seventh child of his father, *Eustathius* affirms that he meant that there were six planets besides *Mercury*. Sure it requires great pains and thought to be so learnedly absurd: The supposition which he makes afterwards is far more natural. *Priam*, says he, might by chance meet with one of the *Myrmidons*, who might conduct him unobserved through the camp into the presence of *Achilles*: and as the execution of any wise design is ascribed to *Pallas*, so may this clandestine enterprize be said to be managed by the guidance of *Mercury*.

But perhaps this whole passage may be better explained by having recourse to the *Pagan* theology: It was an opinion that obtained in those early days, that *Jupiter* frequently sent some friendly messengers to protect the innocent, so that *Homer* might intend to give his readers a lecture of Morality, by telling us that this unhappy king was under the protection of the Gods.

Madam *Dacier* carries it farther. *Homer* (says she) instructed by tradition, knew that God sends his angels to the succour of the afflicted. The scripture is full of examples of this truth. The story of *Tobit* has a wonderful relation with this of *Homer*: *Tobit* sent his son to *Raga*, a city of *Media*, to receive a considerable sum; *Tobit* did not know the way; he found at his door a young man cloathed with

For what defence, alas ! could'st thou provide ?
 Thyselv not young, a weak old man thy guide.
 Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread ; 455
 From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head ;
 From *Greece* I'll guard thee too ; For in those lines
 The living image of my father shines.

Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind
 Are true, my son ! (the god-like fire rejoin'd) 460
 Great are my hazards ; but the Gods survey
 My steps, and send thee, guardian of my way.
 Hail, and be blest ! For scarce of mortal kind
 Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide ; 465
 (The sacred messenger of heav'n reply'd)
 But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
 What yet most precious of thy store remains,
 To lodge in safety with some friendly hand ?
 Prepar'd perchance to leave thy native land. 470

with a majestick glory, which attracted admiration ; It was an angel under the form of a man. This angel being asked who he was, answered (as *Mercury* does here) by a fiction ; He said that he was of the children of *Israel*, that his name was *Azarias*, and that he was son of *Ananias*. This angel conducted *Tobias* in safety ; he gave him instructions ; and when he was to receive the recompence which the father and son offered him, he declared that he was the angel of the Lord, took his flight towards heaven, and disappeared. Here is a great conformity in the ideas and in the style ; and the example of our author so long before *Tobit*, proves, that this opinion of God's sending his angels to the aid of man was very common, and much spread among the *Pagans* in those former times. *Dacier.*

146 HOMER's *ILIADE*. Book XXIV.

Or fly'st thou now? what hopes can *Troy* retain?

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain!

The King alarm'd. Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,

And know so well how god-like *Hector* dy'd? 475

Thus *Priam* spoke, and *Hermes* thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.

Oft' have these eyes that god-like *Hector* view'd

In glorious fight with *Grecian* blood imbru'd: 480.

I saw him, when like *Jove* his flames he toss'd

On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:

I saw, but help'd not: Stern *Achilles'* ire

Forbad assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.

For him I serve, of *Myrmidonian* race; 485

One ship convey'd us from our native place;

Polyctor is my fire, an honour'd name,

Old like thyself, and not unknown to fame;

Of sev'n his sons by whom the lot was cast

To serve our Prince, it fell on me, the last. 490

To watch this quarter my adventure falls,

For with the morn the *Greeks* attack your walls;

Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage;

And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.

If then thou art of stern *Pelides'* train,

(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again)

BOOK XXIV. HOMER'S *ILIADE*. 147

Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My son's dear relicks? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest his cold remains?

500

O favour'd of the skies! (Thus answer'd then
The Pow'r that mediates between Gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy *Hector* rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,

503

Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air;
Still as *Aurora*'s ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb *Achilles* drags the dead:
Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,

470

Majestic in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound;
(Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led

515

A life so grateful, still regard him dead.

Thus spoke to *Priam* the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire reply'd.
Blest is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love!

520

Those

V. 519. *Blest is the man, &c.*] Homer now begins, after a beautiful and long fable, to give the moral of it, and display his poetical justice

Those who inhabit the *Olympian* bow'r
 My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
 And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
 Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
 But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take, 525
 A pledge of gratitude for *Hector's* sake;
 And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
 Safe to *Pelides'* tent conduct my way.

To whom the latent God. O King, forbear
 To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err: 530
 But can I, absent from my Prince's fight,
 Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?

justice in rewards and punishments: Thus *Hector* fought in a bad cause, and therefore suffers in the defence of it; but because he was a good man, and obedient to the Gods in other respects, his very remains become the care of heaven.

I think it necessary to take notice to the reader, that nothing is more admirable than the conduct of *Homer* throughout his whole poem, in respect to morality. He justifies the character of *Hercules*,

—*Quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,*
Plenius & melius Cibyippo & Cratere dicit.

If the reader does not observe the morality of the *Ilias*, he loses half, and the nobler part of its beauty: He reads it as a common romance, and mistakes the chief aim of it, which is to instruct.

V. 531. *But can I, absent, &c.]* In the original of this place (which I have paraphrased a little) the word Συλλεῖσθαι is remarkable. *Priam* offers *Mercury* (whom he looks upon as a soldier of *Astiles*) a present, which he refuses because his prince is ignorant of it: 'This present he calls a direft *rbeft* or *robbery*; which may shew us how strict the notions of justice were in the days of *Homer*, when if a prince's servant received any present without the knowledge of his master, he was esteemed a thief and a robber. *Eustathius*.

What

BOOK XXIV. HOMER's *ILIADE*. 149.

What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.

Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence; 535
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.

Thee, far as *Argos*, pleas'd I could convey:
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.

On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main. 540

He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before th' inspiring God that urg'd them on,
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.

And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found 545
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round;
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,

And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars. 550
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd *Pelides'* lofty tent.

Of Fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;

And

V. 553. *Of Fir the roof was rais'd.*] I have in the course of these observations described the method of encamping used by the Grecians: The reader has here a full and exact description of the tent of *Achilles*: This royal pavilion was built with long palisadoes made of Fir: the top of it covered with reeds, and the inside was divided

And fence'd with palisades, a hall of state, 555
 (The work of soldiers) where the hero sate.

Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength.
 A solid pine-tree barr'd, of wond'rous length;
 Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
 But great *Achilles* singly clos'd the gate. 560

This *Hermes* (such the pow'r of Gods) set wide;
 Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
 And thus, reveal'd—Hear, Prince! and understand
 Thow ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, descended from above, 565
 The King of Arts, the messenger of *Jove*.

divided into several apartments: Thus *Achilles* had his αὐλὴ μυρμίδων, or large hall, and behind it were lodging rooms. So in the ninth book *Phoenix* has a bed prepared for him in one apartment, *Patreclus* has another for himself and his captive *Iphis*, and *Achilles* has a third for himself and his mistress *Diamonda*.

But we must not imagine that the other *Myrmidons* had tents of the like dimensions: They were, as *Eustathius* observes, inferior to this royal one of *Achilles*: Which indeed is no better than an hovel, yet agrees very well with the duties of a soldier, and the simplicity of those early times.

I am of opinion that such fixed tents were not used by the *Grecians* in their common marches, but only during the time of sieges, when their long stay in one place made it necessary to build such tents as are here described; at other times they lay like *Diamonds* in the tenth book, in the open air, their spears standing upright, to be ready upon any alarm; and with the hides of beasts spread on the ground, instead of a bed.

It is worthy observation, that *Homer* even upon so trivial an occasion as the describing the tent of *Achilles*, takes an opportunity to shew the superior strength of his hero; and tells us that three men could scarce open the door of his pavilion, but *Achilles* could open it alone.

Farewell:

Farewel: To shun *Achilles'* sight I fly;

Uncommon are such favours of the sky,

Nor stand confess to frail mortality.

Now fearless enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;

Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,

His son, his mother! urge him to bestow

Whatever pity that stern heart can know.

Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,

And in a moment shot into the skies:

570

575

V. 569. *Nor stand confess to frail mortality.*] *Eustathius* thinks it was from this maxim, that the Princes of the East assumed that air of majesty which separates them from the sight of their subjects; but I should rather believe that *Homer* copied this after the originals, from some Kings of his time: It not being unlikely that this policy is very ancient. *Dacier*.

V. 573. *Adjure him by his father, &c.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Priam* does not aptly follow the instructions of *Mercury*, but only calls to his remembrance his aged father *Peleus*: And this was judiciously done by *Priam*: For what motive to compassion could arise from the mention of *Tethis*, who was a Goddess, and incapable of misfortune? Or how could *Neoptolemus* be any inducement to make *Achilles* pity *Priam*, when at the same time he flourished in the greatest prosperity? therefore *Priam* only mentions his father *Peleus*, who, like him, stood upon the very brink of the grave, and was liable to the same misfortunes he suffered. These are the remarks of *Eustathius*; but how then shall we justify *Mercury*, who gave him such improper instructions with relation to *Tethis*? All that can be said in defence of the poet is, that *Tethis*, though a Goddess, has through the whole course of the *Ilias* been described as a partner in all the afflictions of *Achilles*, and consequently might be made use of as an inducement to raise the compassion of *Achilles*. *Priam* might have said, I conjure thee by the love thou bearest to thy mother, take pity on me! For if she who is a Goddess would grieve for the loss of her beloved son, how greatly must the loss of *Hector* afflict the unfortunate *Hecuba* and *Priam*?

The King, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found *Achilles* in his inner tent:

There sat the Hero; *Alcimus* the brave,

580

And great *Automedon*, attendance gave:

These serv'd his person at the royal feast,

Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the King his entry made;

And prostrate now before *Achilles* laid,

585

Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears;

Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;

Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd

Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who conscious of his crime,

590

Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)

Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale! amaz'd!

All gaze, all wonder: Thus *Achilles* gaz'd:

V. 586. *Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears.*] I fancy this interview between *Priam* and *Achilles* would furnish an admirable subject for a painter, in the surprize of *Achilles*, and the other spectators, the attitude of *Priam*, and the sorrows in the countenance of this unfortunate king.

That circumstance of *Priam*'s kissing the hands of *Achilles* is inimitably fine; he kiss'd, says *Homer*, the hands of *Achilles*; those terrible, murderous hands that had rob'd him of so many sons: By these two words the poet recalls to our mind all the noble actions performed by *Achilles* in the whole *Ilias*; and at the same time strikes us with the utmost compassion for this unhappy king, who is reduced so low, as to be obliged to kiss those hands that had slain his subjects, and ruin'd his kingdom and family.

Thus

Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprize ;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes : 595
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 'Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'r's divine !
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace, 600
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face :
 His trembling limbs; his helpless person, see !
 In all my equal; but in misery !

[V. 598. *The speech of Priam to Achilleus.*] The curiosity of the reader must needs be awakened to know how *Achilleus* would behave to this unfortunate king ; it requires all the art of the poet to subdue the violent character of *Achilleus*, and yet at the same time to soften him into compassion. To this end the poet uses no preamble, but breaks directly into that circumstance which is most likely to mollify him, and the two first words he utters are, μῆνος πατρός, see thy father, O Achilles, in me ! Nothing could be more happily imagined than this entrance into his speech ; *Achilleus* has every where been described as bearing a great affection to his father, and by two words the poet recalls all the tenderness that love and duty can suggest to an affectionate son.

Priam tells *Achilleus*, that *Hector* fell in the defence of his country : I am far from thinking that this was inserted accidentally : It could not fail of having a very good effect upon *Achilleus*, not only as one brave man naturally loves another, but as it implies that *Hector* had no particular enmity against *Achilleus*, but that tho' he fought against him, it was in defence of his country.

The reader will observe that *Priam* repeats the beginning of his speech, and recalls his father to his memory in the conclusion of it. This is done with great judgment ; the poet takes care to enforce his petition with the strongest motive, and leaves it fresh upon his memory ; and possibly *Priam* might perceive that the mention of his father had made a deeper impression upon *Achilleus* than any other part of his petition, therefore while the mind of *Achilleus* dwells upon it, he again sets him before his imagination by this repetition, and softens him into compassion.

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human Fate
 Expels him, helpless from his peaceful share; 605
 Think from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.
 Yet still one comfort in his foul may rise:
 He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
 And hearing still may hope, a better day 610
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
 The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!
 Yet what a race; e'er *Greece* to *Ilion* came,
 The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame: 615
 Nineteen one mother bore—Dead, all are dead!
 How oft, alas! has wretched *Priam* bled?
 Still one was left, their loss to recompence;
 His father's hope, his country's last defence.
 Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy feet. 620
 Unhappy in his country's cause he fell!
 Eer him, thro' hostile camps I beat my way,
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear;
 Oh hear the wretched, and the Gods revere! 625
 Think of thy father, and this face behold!
 See him in me, as helpless and as old!
 Tho' not so wretched: There he yields to me,
 The first of men in sov'reign misery.

'Phœbus.

Thus forc'd to k'nes, thus grov'ling to embrace 630
 The scourge and ruin of my realm and race :
 Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
 And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!

These words soft pity in she chief inspire,
 Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire. 635
 Then with disband (as prostrate still he lay)
 The old man's shock he gently turn'd away.
 Now each by turns indulg'd the gush of wees,
 And now the mingled tides together flow :
 This low an earth, that gently bending o'er, 640
 A father one, and one a son, deplore :
 But great *Achilles*, diff'rent passions rend,
 And now his Sire he mourns, and now his friend.
 Th' infectious softness, thro' the heroes ran ;
 One universal solemn shew'r began ; 645 }
 They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

V. 634. *These words soft pity, &c.*] We are now come almost to the end of the poem, and consequently to the end of the anger of *Achilles*: And Homer has described the abatement of it with excellent judgment. We may here observe how necessary the conduct of *Homer* was, in sending *Thetis* to prepare her son to use *Priam* with civility: It would have been ill suited with the violent temper of *Achilles* to have used *Priam* with tenderne's without such pre-admonition; nay, the unexpected sight of his enemy might probably have carried him into violence and rage: But *Homer* has avoided these absurdities; for *Achilles* being already prepared for a reconciliation, the misery of this venerable prince naturally melts him into compassion.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine *Achilles* rose;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white bear'd and form majestic gird.
 Not unrelenting: Then serene began
 With words to sooth the miserable man. 652.

Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known?
 Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone
 To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
 The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race? 655.
 Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
 A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
 Rise then: Let reason mitigate our care:
 To mourn, avails not: Man is born to bear.
 Such is, alas! the Gods severe decree:
 They, only they are blest, and only free. 660.

V. 653. Achilles's speech to Priam. There is not a more beautiful passage in the whole *Ilias* than this before us: Homer to shew that *Achilles* was not a mere soldier, here draws him as a person of excellent sense and sound reason: *Plato* himself (who condemns this passage) could not speak more like a true philosopher: And it was a piece of great judgment thus to describe him; for the reader would have retained but a very indifferent opinion of the hero of a poem, that had no qualification but mere strength: It also shews the art of the poet thus to defer this part of his character to the very conclusion of the poem: By these means he fixes an idea of his greatness upon our minds, and makes his hero go off the stage with applause.

Neither does he here ascribe more wisdom to *Achilles* than he might really be master of; for as *Eustathius* observes, he had *Cirrus* and *Phœnix* for his tutors, and a Goddess for his mother.

Two Urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood;
 The source of Evil one, and one of Good ;
 From thence the cup of mortal man he fills, 665.
 Blessings to these, to those distributor ill,
 To most, he mingleth both : The wretch decreed,
 To taste the bad, unmix'd, is cast indeed ;
 Purif'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
 He wanders, outcast both of earth and heav'n. 670
 The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
 But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
 Who more than Peterus shone in wealth and pow'r ?
 What stars coconcurring blest his natal hour ?

V. 663. *Two urns by Jove's high throne, &c.*] This is an admirable allegory, and very beautifully imagined by the poet. *Plato* has accused it as an impiety to say that God gives evil : But it seems borrowed from the eastern way of speaking, and bears a great resemblance to several expressions in scripture : Thus in the *Psalms*, *In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and he poureth out of the same; as for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them.*

It was the custom of the Jews to give condemned persons just before execution, διορ ιστημόνας, wine mix'd with myrrh to make them less sensible of pain : Thus *Prov.* xxxi. 6. *Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.* This custom was so frequent among the Jews, that the cup which was given him before execution, came to denote death itself; as in that passage, *Father, let this cup pass from me.*

Some have supposed that there were three urns, one of good, and two of evil; thus *Pindar*,

"Επ' γάρ τοθλὸς, πήραται σύδος.
 Δαιοττας βροτοῖς αθάνατοι.

But, as *Eustathius* observes, the word ιτρός shews that there were but two, for that word is never used when more than two are intended.

A realm.

A realm, a Goddes, to his wills giving,
675

Grac'd by the Gods with all the gifts of heav'n!

One evil yet o'ertakes his last day,

No race succeeding to imperial sway:

An only son! and he (alas!) entitl'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
680

See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!

Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;

In riches once, in children once excell'd;

Extended *Pbrygia* own'd thy ample reign,
685

And all fair *Leffas'* blissful seats contain,

And all wide *Hellestant's* unmeasur'd main.

But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,

And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes fall?
690

War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!

What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed

These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;

Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,

But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!
695

V. 685. *Extended Pbrygia, &c.*] *Hesiod* here gives us a piece of geography, and shews the full extent of *Priam's* kingdom. *Leffas* bounded it on the south, *Pbrygia* on the east, and the *Hellestant* on the north. This kingdom, according to *Strabo* in the 13th book, was divided into nine dynasties, who all depended upon *Priam* as their king: So that what *Homer* here relates of *Priam's* power is literally true, and confirmed by history. *Eustathius.*

Move me no more (*Achilles* thus replies.) 705
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)

Nor

V. 706. *While kindling anger sparkled in his eye.*] I believe every reader must be surprised, as I confess I was, to see Achilles fly out into so sudden a passion, without any apparent reason for it. It can scarce be imagined that the name of Hector (as Enstathus thinks) could throw him into so much violence, when he had heard it mentioned with patience and calmness by Priam in this very conference; especially if we remember that Achilles had actually determined to restore the body of Hector to Priam. I was therefore very well pleased to find that the words in the original would bear another interpretation, and such a one as naturally solves the difficulty. The meaning of the passage I fancy may be this: Priam perceiving that his address had mollify'd the heart of Achilles, takes this opportunity to persuade him to give over the war, and return home; especially since his anger was sufficiently satisfied by the fall of Hector. Immediately Achilles takes fire at this proposal, and answers, "Is it not enough that I have determined to restore thy son? ask no more, lest I retract: "that resolution." In this view we see a natural reason for the sudden passion of Achilles.

What may perhaps strengthen this conjecture is the word *προτερος*; and then the sense will run thus; since I have found so much favour in thy sight, as first to permit me to live, O wouldst thou still enlarge my happiness, and return home to thy own country! &c.

This opinion may be farther established from what follows in the latter end of this interview, where Achilles asks Priam how many days he would request for the interment of Hector? Achilles had requested

Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
 To yield thy *Hector* I myself intend:
 For know, from *Jove* my Goddess-mother came,
 (Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame) 710
 Nor com'st thou but by heav'n; nor com'st alone,
 Some God impels with courage not thy own:
 No man hand the weighty gates unbar'd;
 Nor could the boldest of our youth have dar'd
 To pass our out works, or elude the guard. 715
 Cease; lest neglectful of high *Jove's* command:
 I show thee, King! thou tread'st on hostile land;

fused to give over the war, but yet consents to intermit it a few days; and then the sense will be this: "I will not consent to return home, but ask a time for a cessation, and it shall be granted." And what most strongly speaks for this interpretation is the answer of *Priam*; I ask, says he, eleven days to bury my son, and then let the war commence again, since it must be so, τιμητης αἰδούχης; since you necessitate me to it; or since you will not be persuaded to leave these shores.

V. 706. *While kindling anger, sparkle in his eyes.*] The reader may be pleased to observe that this is the last sally of the resentment of *Achilles*; and the poet judiciously describes him moderating it by his own reflection: So that his reason now prevails over his anger, and the design of the poem is fully executed.

V. 709, 710. *For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came.*] The injustice of *La Motte's* criticism, (who blames Homer for representing *Achilles* so mercenary, as to inquire into the price offer'd for *Hector's* body before he would restore it) will appear plainly from this passage, where he makes *Achilles* expressly say, it is not for any other reason that he delivers the body, but that heaven had directly commanded it. The words are very full.

Διόθετος μοι αγέλος οὐλής.
 Μάτηρ δὲ μετέπει, θυγατρης αἵλιος γέροντος.
 Καὶ δέ σε γινόσκω Πρίαμος φρεσὸν, εὖδε με λαζίδις,
 Ὄτι Θεῶν τις ἡγεθεῖσπει νῆας Αχαιῶν.

Release-

Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd. 720
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :

Automedon and *Alcimus* attend,
(Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend;) These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent ; 725

Next heap'd on high the num'rous presents bear
(Great *Hector's* ransome) from the polish'd car.

Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.

Then call the handmaids with assitant toil 730
To wash the body and anoint with oil ;

Apart from *Priam*, left th' unhappy Sire
Provok'd to passion, once more rouze to Ire

The stern *Pelides*; and nor sacred age

Nor *Jove's* command, should check the rising rage. 735
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread ;

Achilles lifts it to the fun'r'al bed :

Then, while the body on the car they laid,

He groans, and calls on lov'd *Patroclus'* shade.

If, in that gloom which never light must know, 740
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below :

O friend ! forgive me, that I thus fulfill

(Restoring *Hector*) heav'n's unquestioned will.

The

The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy ~~muses~~, and adorn thy shrine.

745

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend *Priam* sat :
To whom, compos'd, the God-like chief began.
Lo ! to thy Pray'r restor'd, thy breathless son ;

Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies ;
And soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The fight is granted to thy longing eyes.

750

But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite :
Nor thou, O father ! thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life, forego.

755

Not thus did *Niobe*, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine :
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,

In one sad day beheld the *Stygian* shades ;

760

These by *Apollo*'s silver bow were slain,
Those, *Cyntbia*'s arrows stretch'd upon the plain.

V. 757. *Not thus did Niobe, &c.*] Attilus to comfort *Priam*, tells him a known history; which was very proper to work this effect. *Niobe* had lost all her children, *Priam* had some remaining. *Niobe*'s had been nine days extended on the earth, drown'd in their blood, in the sight of their people, without any one presenting himself to interr them: *Hector* has likewise been twelve days, but in the midst of his enemies; therefore 'tis no wonder that no one has paid him the last duties. The Gods at last interred *Niobe*'s children, and the Gods likewise are concerned to procure honourable funerals for *Hector*. *Eustathius*.

So was her pride chafiz'd by wrath divine,
 Who match'd her own with bright *Latona's* line ;
 But two the Goddesses, twelve the Queen enjoy'd ; 765
 Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
 Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
 Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead ;
 None by to weep them, to inhume them none ;
 (For *Jove* had turn'd the nation all to stone :) 770
 The Gods themselves at length relenting, gave
 Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
 Herself a rock, (for such was heav'n's high will)
 Thro' desarts wild now pours a weeping till ;
 Where round the bed whence *Achæan* springs, 775
 The wat'ry Fairies dance in mazy rings.
 There high on *Sybilus* his shaggy brow,
 She stands her own sad monument of woe ;
 The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow. }
 Such griefs, O King ! have other parents known : 780
 Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
 The care of heav'n thy *Hector* has appear'd,
 Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd ;
 Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd.
 And all the eyes of *Ilion* stream around. 785
 He said, and rising, above the victim Ewe
 With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
 With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
 Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays, 790
 And hasty, snatches from the rising blaze.
 With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board *Automedon* bestow'd :
 The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
 And each indulging shar'd in sweet repast. 795
 When now the rage of hunger was represt,
 The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest:
 No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
 His godlike aspect and majestick size ;
 Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage, 800
 And there the mild benevolence of age.
 Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke,
 (A solemn scene !) at length the father spoke.

V. 798. *The royal guest the hero eyes, &c.*] The poet omits no opportunity of praising his hero *Achilles*, and it is observable that he now commends him for his more amiable qualities : He softens the terrible idea we have conceived of him, as a warrior, with several virtues of humanity ; and the angry, vindictive soldier is become calm and compassionate. In this place he makes his very enemy admire his personage, and be astonished at his manly beauty. So that though courage be his most distinguishing character, yet *Achilles* is admirable both for the endowments of mind and body.

Eπιστολίων. The sense of this word differs in this place from that it usually bears ; it does not imply τραχύτης σθριγάνη, any reproachful asperity of language, but ισοτύχησι. Ψευδός φέσαι, the raising of a false fear in the old man, that he might not be concerned at his being lodg'd in the outermost part of the tent ; and by this method he gives *Priam* an opportunity of going away in the morning without observation. *Eustathius.*

Permit

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to sleep
 My careful temples in the dew of sleep: 105
 For since the day that number'd with the dead,
 My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
 Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
 My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
 Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give, 810
 I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that, *Achilles* bad prepare the bed,
 With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
 Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
 And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay. 815
 Then he: Now father sleep, but sleep not here.
 Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
 Lest any *Argive* (at this hour awake,
 To ask our counsel, or our orders take).
 Approaching sudden to our open'd tent, 120
 Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.

V. 819. *To ask our council, or our orders take.*] The poet here shews the importance of *Achilles* in the army; though *Agamemnon* be the general, yet all the chief commanders apply to him for advice: and thus he promises *Priam* a cessation of arms for several days, purely by his own authority. The method that *Achilles* took to confirm the truth of the cessation, "agrees with the custom which we use at this day, he gave him his hand upon it."

—χαιρε γέρων
 Ελαῖος διξίηγη. Eustathius.

Should

166 HOMER's ILIAD. BOOK XXIV.

Should such report thy honour'd person here,
 The King of men the ransom might deser;
 But say with speed, if ought of thy desire
 Remains unask'd; what time the rites require 825
 To interr thy *Hector*? For, so long we stay
 Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the Monarch said)
 To finish all due honours to the dead,
 This, of thy grace accord: To thee are known
 The fears of *Ilion*; clos'd within her town,
 And at what distance from our walls aspire
 The hills of *Ili*, and forests for the fire.
 Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
 The tenth shall see the fun'r'al and the feast: 830
 The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
 The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

This thy request (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
 Till then, our arms suspend the fall of *Troy*.

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent 840
 The old Man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
 Where fair *Brisis* bright in blooming charms
 Expects her Hero with desiring arms.
 But in the porch the King and Herald rest;
 Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast. 845
 Now gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
 Industrious *Hermes* only was awake,

The

The King's return revolving in his mind,
 To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
 The pow'r descending hover'd o'er his head : 850
 And sleep it thou, father ! (thus the vision said)
 Now dost thou sleep, when *Hērōd* is restor'd ?
 Nor fear the *Grecian* foes, or *Grecian* Lord ?
 Thy presence here shou'd stern *Atrides* see,
 Thy still surviving sons may sue for thee, 855
 May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
 To spare thy age ; and offer all in vain.

Wak'd with the word, the trembling Sire arose,
 And rais'd his friend : The God before him goes.
 He joins the mules, directs them with his hand, 860
 And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
 When now to *Xanibus*' yellow stream they drove,
 (*Xanibus*, immortal progeny of *Jove*)
 The winged deity forsook their view,
 And in a moment to *Olympus* flew. 865
 Now shed *Aurora* round her saffron ray,
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day :
 Charg'd with their mournful load, to *Ilios* go
 The Sage and King, majestically flow.
 Cassandra first beholds, from *Ilion*'s spire, 870
 The sad procession of her hoary sire,
 Then, as the penive pomp advanc'd more near,
 Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier :

A show'r

A show'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all *Ilion* with her cries.

875

Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of *Troy* !
If e'er ye rush'd in crouds, with vast delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead ; and let your sorrows flow ! 880
Your common triumph, and your common woe.

In thronging crouds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains,
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shown,
And *Troy* sends forth one universal groan. 885

At *Scæa*'s gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantick with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair :
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay ; 890
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day ;
But god-like *Priam* from the chariot rose ;
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead. 895

The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide ;
Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait :
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.

A melancholy

A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs, and musick's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art.

900

905

First to the corse the weeping confort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And oh my *Hector*! Oh my Lord! she cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!

V. 900. *A melancholy choir, &c.*] This was a custom generally received, and which passed from the Hebrews to the Greeks, Romans, and Asiaticks. There were weepers by profession, of both sexes, who sung doleful tunes round the dead. *Ecclesiasticus* chap. xii. v. 5. *When a man shall go into the house of his eternity, there shall encompass him Weepers.* It appears from St. Matthew xi. 7. that children were likewise employed in this office. *Dacier.*

V. 906, &c. *The lamentations over Hector.*] The poet judiciously makes *Priam* to be silent in this general lamentation; he has already borne a sufficient share in these sorrows, in the tent of *Achilles*, and said what grief can dictate to a father and a king upon such a melancholy subject. But he introduces three women as chief mourners, and speaks only in general of the lamentation of the men of *Troy*, an excess of sorrow being unmanly: Whereas these women might with decency indulge themselves in all the lamentation that fondness and grief could suggest. The wife, the mother of *Hector*, and *Helen*, are the three persons introduced; and tho' they all mourn upon the same occasion, yet their lamentations are so different, that not a sentence that is spoken by the one, could be made use of by the other: *Andromache* speaks like a tender wife, *Hecuba* like a fond mother, and *Helen* mourns with sorrow rising from self-accusation: *Andromache* commends his bravery, *Hecuba* his manly beauty, and *Helen* his gentleness and humanity.

Homer is very concise in describing the funeral of *Hector*, which was but a necessary piece of conduct, after he had been so full in that of *Patroclus*.

170 HOMER's *ILIA*D. Book XXIV.

Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone ! 910
 And I abandon'd, desolate, alone !
 Ah only son, once comfort of our pains,
 Sad product now of hapless love remains !
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,
 Or with encroaching graces glad my eyes : 915
 For *Hion* now (her great defender slain)
 Shall sink a smoaking ruin on the plain.
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?
 New hostile fleets must waste those infants o'er, 920
 (Those wives must wait 'em) to a foreign shore !
 Thou too my son ! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
 The sad companion of thy mother's woe ;
 Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword ;
 Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman Lord. 925
 Or else fam'st *Greuk* whose father pref't the plain,
 Or son, or brother, by great *Hector* slain,
 In *Hector*'s blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
 And hurl the headlong from the tow'rs of *Troy*.
 For thy stern father never spar'd a foe : 930
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe !
 Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
 His parents many, but his consort more.

Why

Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?

And why receiv'd not I thy last command? 935

Some word thou wouldest have spoke, which sadly dear,

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;

Which never, never could be lost in air,

Fix'd in my heart; and oft repeated there!

Thus to her weeping maids the makes her moan; 940

Her weeping Handmaids echo groan for groan.

The mournful Mother next sustains her part.

O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!

Of all my race thou most by heav'n approv'd,

And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd! 945

While all my other sons in bär'rous bands

Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,

This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost

Free, and a Hero to the Stygian coast,

Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,

Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb,

V. 934. Why gav'st thou not to me thy dying hand?

And why receiv'd not I thy last command?

I have taken these two lines from Mr. Congreve, whose translation of this part was one of his first essays in poetry. He has very justly rendered the sense of *Iluzid* 934, *dissum-prudens*, which is meant of the words of a dying man, or one in some dangerous exigence; at which times what is spoken is usually something of the utmost importance, and delivered with the utmost care: Which is the true signification of the epithet *Iluzid* in this place.

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain)

Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain !

Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,

No mark of pain, or violence of face ;

955

Rosy and fair ! as *Phœbus'* silver bow

Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below.

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.

Sad *Helen* next in pomp of grief appears :

Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes

960

Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

Ah dearest friend ! in whom the Gods had join'd

The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;

Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er

Since *Paris* brought me to the *Trojan* shore ;

965

(Oh had I perish'd, e'er that form divine

Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine !)

Yet it was ne'er my fate, from thee to find

A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :

When others curst the authress of their woe,

970

Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow :

If some proud brother ey'd me with disdain,

Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,

Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.

For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee,

975

The wretched source of all this misery ! }

The

The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
 Sad *Helen* has no friend now thou art gone!
 Thro' *Troy*'s wide streets abandon'd shall I roam!
 In *Troy* deserted, as abhorr'd at home!

980

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
 Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
 On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
 But *Priam* check'd the torrent as it rose.

Perform, ye *Trojans*! what the rites require,
 And fell the forests for a fun'ral pyre;
 Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.

He spoke; and at his word, the *Trojan* train
 Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
 Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from *Ida*'s crown,
 Roll'd back the gather'd forests to the town.

These toils continue nine succeeding days,
 And high in air a sylvan structure raise.

But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
 Forth to the pile was born the Man divine,
 And plac'd aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
 Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.

Soon as *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,
 With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn;
 Again the mournful clouds surround the pyre,
 And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire,

The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
 (With tears collected) in a golden vase ;
 The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd, 1005
 Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
 Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
 And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
 (Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
 Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun.) 1010
 All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
 A solemn, silent, melancholy train :
 Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
 And sadly shar'd the last sepulchral feast.
 Such honours Ilion to her Hero paid, 1015
 And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

The End of the ILIAD.



WE have now past through the *Iliad*, and seen the anger of *Achilles*, and the terrible effects of it, at an end : As that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of Epic poetry would not permit our Author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to *Troy* and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that *Troy* was taken soon after the death of *Hector*, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by *Virgil* in the second book of the *Aeneis*.

Achilles fell before *Troy*, by the hand of *Paris*, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as *Hector* had prophesied at his death, lib. 22.

The unfortunate *Priam* was killed by *Pyrrhus* the son of *Achilles*.

Ajax, after the death of *Achilles*, had a contest with *Ulysses* for the armour of *Vulcan*, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of *Paris*, married *Deiphobus* his brother, and at the taking of *Troy* betray'd him, in order to reconcile herself to *Menelaus* her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by *Egyptus* at the instigation of *Clytemnestra* his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with *Egyptus*.

Dioned after the fall of *Troy* was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife *Egiale*; but at last was received by *Daunus* in *Apulia*, and shar'd his kingdom : 'Tis uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace with his children, in *Pylos* his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to *Ithaca*, which is the subject of *Homer's Odysses*.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my Friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as one of them is since dead : The merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from *Eustathius*, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. *Broome* : And the whole essay upon *Homer* was written upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. *Parnell*, Archdeacon of *Clogher* in *Ireland* : How very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it, (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity) let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship, with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country: One who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer: And one, who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I defer to dedicate it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

March 25.
1720.

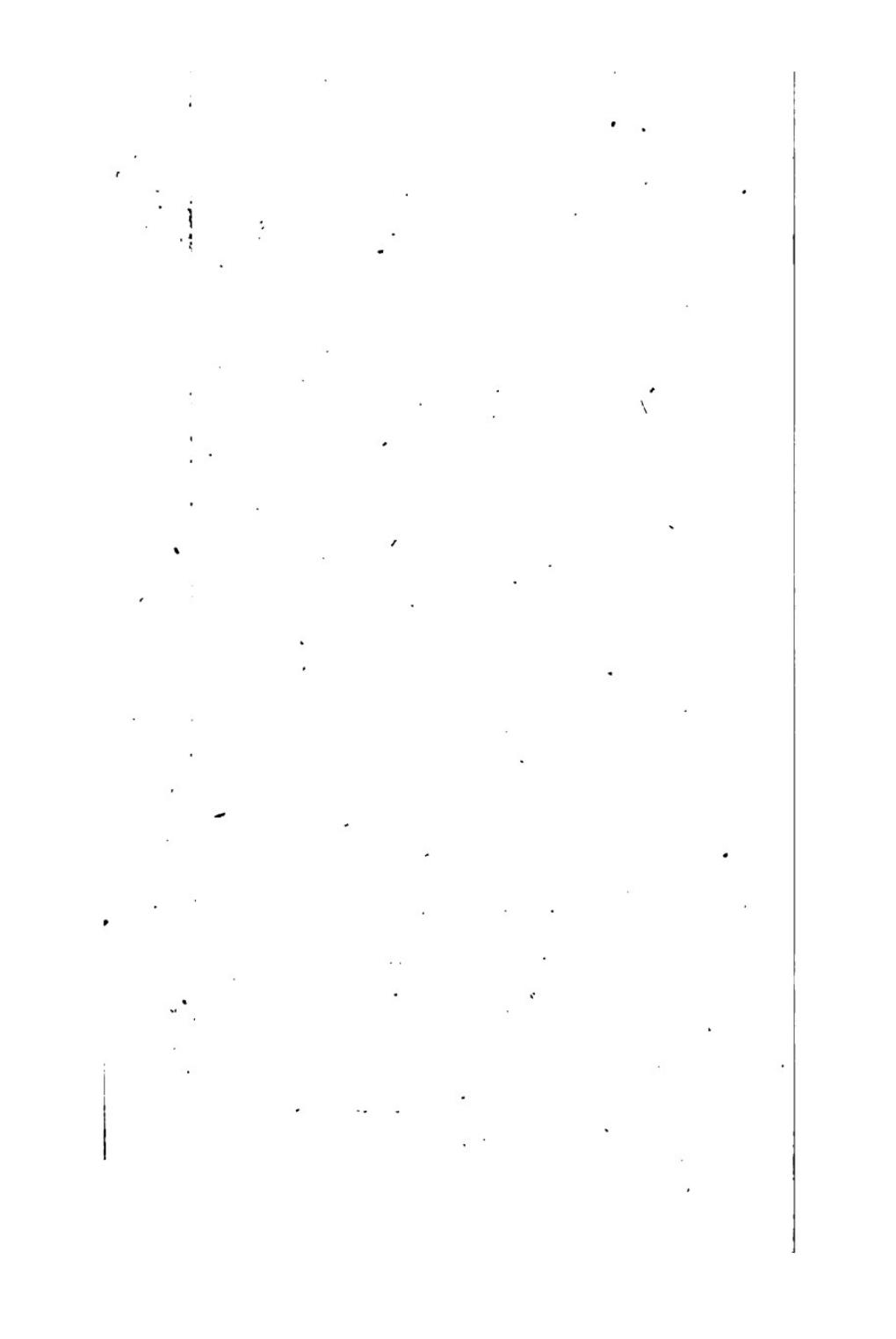
A. P O P E.

Τὸν Θεῶν δὲ ιυποία — τὸ μὴ τινὶ πλίον με προσέβηται ἐν
Ποιητικῇ καὶ ἀλλοις ἴωτικούμενοι, εἰ οἵ τοις δὲ κατισχύουσι,
εἰ ποθέμεν ἔμαυτοι εὑόδεις προύστα. M. AUREL. ANTON.
de scipio, l. I. §. 14.

A N

P H R Y G I A
cum
Oris Maritimis





A N
I N D E X
O F
P E R S O N S a n d T H I N G S.

A.

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